J. Cleaveland Revived:

POEMS, ORATIONS, EPISTLES,

And other of his Genuine Incomparable Pieces, never before publiſht.

WITH

Some other Exquiſite Remains of the moſt eminent Wits of both the Univerſities that were his Contemporaries.

Non norunt hæc monumenta mori.

LONDON,
Printed for *Nathaniel Brook*, at the Angel in Corn-hill. 1659.



For weighty Numbers, ſenſe, miſterious wayes
Of happie Wit, Great Cleauland claimes his Baies.

Stipulus Collog: Whitintonij. 1. May Ann: 1638.

To the Diſcerning READER.

WOrthy Friend, there is a ſaying, *Once well done, and ever done*; the wiſeſt men have ſo conſiderately acted in their times, as by their learned works, to build their own monuments, ſuch as might eternize them to future ages: our *Johnſon* named his, Works, when others were called Playes, though they coſt him much of the lamp and oil, yet he ſo writ, as to obliege poſterity to admire

them; our deceaſed Heroe, Mr. *Cleaveland*, knew how to difference legitimate births from abortives, his mighty Genius anviled out what he ſent abroad, as his informed minde knew how to diſtinguiſh betwixt writing much and well; a few of our deceaſed Poets pages being worth cart-loads of the Scribſers of theſe times. It was my fortune to be in Newark, when it was beſieged, where I ſaw a few manuſcripts of Mr. *Cleavelands*, amongſt others I have heard that he writ of the Treaty at Uxbridge, as I have been informed ſince by a perſon I intruſted to ſpeak with one of

Mr.

Mr. *Cleavelands* noble frends, who received him courteouſly, and ſatisfied his enquiries; as concerning the papers that were left in his cuſtody, more particularly of the Treaty at Uxbridge, That it was not finiſht, nor any of his other papers fit for the preſſe. They were offered to the judicious conſideration of one of the moſt accompliſht perſons of our age, he refuſing to have them in any further examination, as he did not conceive that they could be publiſht without ſome injury to Mr. *Cleaveland*; from which time they have remained ſealed, and lockt up, neither can I wonder at this obſtruction,

when I consider the disturbances our Authour met with in the time of the Siege; how scarce and bad the paper was, the ink hardly to be discerned on it; the intimacie I had with Mr. *Cleaveland*, before and since these civill wars, gained most of these papers from him; it being not the least of his mis-fortunes, out of the love he had to pleasure his friends, to be unfurnisht with his own manuscripts, as I have heard him say often, he was not so happy, as to have any considerable collection of his own papers, they being dispersed amongst his friends; some whereof, when he writ for them,

them, he had no other anſwer, but that they were loſt, or through the often reading, tranſcribing, or folding of them, worn to pieces; ſo that though he knew where he formerly beſtowed ſome of them, yet they were not to be regained; for which reaſon the Poems he had left in his hands, being ſo few, of ſo inconſiderable a Volume, he could not (though he was often ſollicited with honour to himſelf) give his conſent to the publiſhing of them, though indeed moſt of his former printed Poems were truly his own, except ſuch as have been lately added, to make up the Volume; at the

firſt

firſt ſome few of his Verſes were printed with the Character of the London Diurnal, a ſtitcht pamphlet *in quarto*, Afterwards, as I have heard M. *Cleaveland* ſay, the copies of verſes that he communicated to his friends, the Book-ſeller by chance meeting with them, being added to his book, they ſold him another Impreſſion; in like manner ſuch ſmall additions (though but a paper or two of his incomparable Verſes or Proſe) poſted off other Editions. I acknowledge ſome few of theſe papers I received from one of M. *Cleavelands* neere Acquaintance, which when I ſent to his, ever to be honoured, friend of

Grayes

Grayes Inne, he had not at that time the leasure to peruse them; but for what he had read of them, he told the person I intrusted, That he did beleeve them to be Mr. *Cleavelands*, he having formerly spoken of such papers of his, that were abroad in the hands of his friends, whom he could not remember; my intention was to reserve the collection of these manuscripts for my own private use; but finding many of these, I had in my hands, already publisht in the former Poems, not knowing what further proceedings might attend the forwardnesse of the Presse, I thought my

my ſelf concerned, not out of any worldly ends of profit, but out of a true affection to my deceaſed friend, to publiſh theſe his never before extant pieces in Latine and Engliſh, and to make this to be ſomewhat like a volume for the ſtudy. Some other Poems are intermixed, ſuch as the Reader ſhall find to be of ſuch perſons, as were for the moſt part Mr. *Cleavelands* Contemporaries; ſome of them no leſſe eminently known to the three Nations. I hope the world cannot be ſo far miſtaken in his Genuine Muſe, as not to diſcern his pieces from any of the other Poems; neither can I beleeve there

there are any perſons ſo unkinde, as not candidly to entertain the heroick fancies of the other Gentlemen that are worthily placed to live in this volume; ſome of their Poems, contrary to my expectation, I being at ſuch a diſtance, I have ſince heard, were before in print: but as they are excellently good, and ſo few, the Reader (I hope) will the more freely accept them. Thus having ingenuouſly ſatisfied thee in theſe particulars, I ſhall not need to inſert more; but that I have, to prevent ſurreptitious Editions, publiſht this Collection; that by erecting this Pyramide of Honour, I might obliege

obliege posterity to perpetuate their memories, which is the higheſt ambition of him, who is,

Newark,
Novemb. 21. 1658.

Yours in all vertuous endevors,

E. Williamſon.

Verſes

Verſes that came too late, intended for Mr. *J. Cleaveland*, pictured with his Laurell.

GReat ſtorm of Wit, whoſe fierce ſharp wounding rods,
Did awe the Pow'rs, and diſcipline the Gods,
Whoſe ſingeing lightning fals on all he meets,
Granado's, Satyrs, Balls of wilde fire greets
The Kirk, the zeal o'th' Scottiſh Nation,
He flung at all as vengeance were his own;
Monſter of reaſon, and deep ſenſe! what praiſe
Can reach thy Muſe? Cleaveland *commands his Bayes.*

E. W.

Upon the KINGS *return from* SCOTLAND.

REturn'd? I'l ne'r believ't, first prove him hence;
Kings Travel by their beams and influence.
Who sayes, the soul gives out her ghests, or go's
A flitting progresse 'twixt the head and toes?
She rules by omnipresence, and shall we
Deny a Prince the same ubiquity?
Or grant he went, & cause their knot was slack,
Girt both the Nations with his Zodiack:
Yet as the Tree at once both upward shoots,
And just as much growsdownward to the roots:
So at the same time that he posted thither,
By Counterstages he rebounded hither.
Hither and hence at once; thus every Sphear
Doth by a double motion enter-fere:
And when his Native form inclines him East,
By the first mover he is ravisht West.
Have you not seen how the devided Damme
Runs to the Summons of her hungry Lamb,

But when the twin cries Halves, she quits the first,
Natures *Commendum* must be likewise nurst.
So were his journeys, like the Spiders spun
Out of his bowels of compassion.
Tow Realms, like *Cacus*, so his steps transpose,
His feet still contradict him as he goes.
Englands return'd, that was a barren soil;
The bullet flying makes the gun recoil.
Death's but a separation, though indors'd
With spade and javelin, we were thus divorc'd;
Our soul hath taken wing, while we express
The corps returning to our principles.
But the Crab-tropick must not now prevail,
Islands go back, but when you're under sail;
So his retreat hath rectifi'd the wrong:
Backward is forward in the Hebrew Tongue.
Now the Church Militant in plenty rests,
Nor fears, like th' Amazon, to lose her brests:
Her means are safe, not squeez'd until the blood
Mix with the milk, and choke the tender brood.
She that hath been the floting Ark, is that
She, that's now seated on mount Ararat. (thus,
Quits *Charles*, our souls did guard him northward
Now he the Counterpane comes South to us.

Upon a talkative woman.

PEace Beldam *Ugly*, thou'lt not find e
M' ears bottles for enchanted wind e;

That

That breath of thine can onely raiſe
New ſtorms, and diſ-compoſe the Seas.
It may (aſsiſted by thy clatter)
A Pigmæan army ſcatter;
Or move, without the ſmalleſt ſtrain,
Loretto's Chappel once again,
And blow S. *Goodrick* while he prayes,
And knows not what it is he ſayes,
And help falſe Latine with a hem,
From Finkley to Jeruſalem,
Or in th' Pacifique Sea ſupply
The winde that Nature doth deny.
What, doſt thou think I can retain
All this, and ſpout it out again?
As a ſurcharged whale doth ſpew
Old rivers, to receive in new:
Thou art deceiv'd, even *Æol's* cave,
That can all other blaſts receive,
Would be too ſmall to let in thine:
How then theſe narrow ears of mine?
Defect of organs may with me paſſe,
By chance to pillorize an aſſe:
Yet ſhould I ſhake his ears, they'd be
Not long enough to heark to thee.
Yet if thou haſt a mind to hear.
How high thy voices merits are;
Go ſerve the States, thou'lt uſefull come,
And have the pay of every Drum,
Or trudge to Utrecht, there out-run
Dam: *Skurmans* ſcore of tongues with one.

But pray be ſtill, for I do ſwear,
No torment's like that of the ear,
O let me when I chance to die
In *Vulcans* Anvil buried lie;
Rather then hear thy tongue once knell,
That Tom a Lincolne and Bow-bell.

Rebellis Scotus.

CUræ Deo ſumus, iſta ſi Cedant Scoto?
Variata ſplenius domina Pſyche eſt ſuis.
Aut Stellionatûs rea, Ὑστερον πρότερον,
Campanulæ omnes, totus Ucalegon fuo,
Coriacea cui Millies Mille Hydriæ,
Suburbicanis penſiles paræciis
Non ſint Refrigerio. Poeticus furor,
Cometâ non minùs, vel ore flammeo
Commune deſpuente fatum ſtellulâ,
Dirum ominatur. Ecquis, è, Stoa, ſuam
Jam temperet bilem? patria quando lue
Tam Pymmianâ, id eſt pediculoſâ, perit?
Bomba machidiſque ſit bolus mermeciis?
Scotos nec Auſim-nominare, carminum
Niſi inter Amuleta, nec Meditarier
Niſi cerebello quod Capillitio rubens
(Quale Animo coluberrimum furiis caput)
Quot inter verba, tot venena prompſerit.
Rhadamantheum, fac, guttur eſſet nunc mihi,
Sulphúrque, patibulumque copioſus

Ruëtans,

Ructans, Magus quàm Cœnias bombycinas;
Poteram ut Agyrta circulator, pillulas
Vomicas loqui, aut ἀποκολυβίτιν stygæ:
Aut ut Genevæ ſtentores, perilleis
Tartara, & equuleos boare pulpitis:
At Machinanti par forem nunquam Scoto
Cunctis ſclopetis hiſce gutturalibus.
Ut digna dii dicant, vocem par eſt prius,
(Præſtigiator ut) ſicas, & Acinaces.
Huc, huc, Iambe greſſibus faxo tuis;
At huc, Iambe, morſibus faxo Magis.
Satyraque tortrices, tot huc adducite
Flagella, quot præſens meretur ſeculum
Scoti veneficis pares, audax ſtylum
Horum cruore tinge, ſic nocent minus.
Ut Martyres olim induebant belluis
(Quaſi ſiſterent reges ſacros hypocritas)
En bos eodem ſchemate (at retro) Scotos,
Extra Scotos, intus feras, & ſine tropo.
Fallax Ierna vipera nihil foves
Scoto colono? non ego Britanniam.
Lupis carentem dixerim, vivo Scoto.
Quin thameſinus pyrgopolinices Scotus
Poterat Leones, Tigrides, Urſos, Canes
Proprii Inquilinos pectoris ſpectaculo
Monſtrâſſe: pro obolis omnibus quibus ſolet
Spectare monſtra Cratis, & fori ſimul
Pœne ocreatum vulgus, & patria fera
Scotos Eremus judicat terra plaga
Vel omnipr æſentem negans Deum, niſi

 Veniſſet

Veniſſet inde Carolus, *cohors niſi*
Craſordiana, *miles & Montroſſeus,*
Feritatis cluens notam paganicæ
Hanc præſtitiſſet ſemiviſtimam Deo;
Nec Scoticus eſt, totus Leopardus, Leo,
Habent & Aram ſicut Arcam fœderis;
Velut tabellæ bifidis pictæ plicis;
Fert Angelos pars hæc, & hæc cacodemonas:
Cui ſomnianti Tartarum ſuaſit pavor
Sic pœnitere, viderat regnum velim
Nigrius Scotorum ſemel, & eſſet innocens.
Regio, Malignâ quæ facit votum prece,
Relegetur ad Gyares breves nunquam incola:
Sed ut ille trechedipuum, magis Domicœnio,
Ut gens vagans recutita, vel contagium,
Aut Beelzebub, *ſi des ubiquitarium.*
Hinc erro ſit ſemper Scotus, certos Locos,
Et hos & illos quos libet citò nanſeans,
Ut fruſta diviſi orbis, & Typographiæ
Mendicitatis offulas, curtas nimis.
Ipſe Univerſitatis hæres Integræ,
Et totus in toto, Natio Epidemica,
Nec Gliſcit ergò Jargonare Gallicè,
Exoticis aut indicis modis, neque
Iberio nutu negare, nec ſtudet
Callere quem de Belgicis Hoghen Moghen
Venter tumens, aut barba canthari refert,
(Quæ Coriatis una mens noſtratibus)
Pugna eſt in Animo, atque Animus in patinâ ſcoto,
Huic ſtruthioni ſuggeret cibum Chalybs,

Et

Et Denti-ductor appetitus, baltheo,
Pro more pendulos molares, inſerit.
At interim noſtras quid Involant dapes?
Serpens Edenum non Edenburgum *Appetit.*
Aut Angliæ cui jam malum eſt Hemorhois,
Hæmetopotas hos poſteris meatibus
Natura medica ſuppoſuit hirundines
Cruore ſatiandos licèt noſtro priùs,
Noſtro ſed & Cruore Moribundos quoque.
Nec computo credant priori, nos item
Novum Addituros, ſervitutem priſtinæ
Aliam, gemellam nuperæ, fraterculos
Palpare quando cœperant Charos nimis
(Suffragiorum ſcilicet poppyſmata)
Et Cruſtulum Impertire velut offam Cerbero
Subblandiens decreverat ſenatulus.
Nos æra loculis? Arma Viſceribus priùs
Indemus uſque & uſque vel capulo tenus.
Seri videmus quo ſcotum tractes Modo
Princeps rebelli mitior tergo quaſi
Sellas Equino detrahens aptat ſuo.
At Jus rapinas haſce defendit vetus?
Egyptus Iſta perdit, aufert Iſrael
An bibliorum. Neſcis hos ſatellites?
Prætorianis queis cohortibus, (nova
Hieruſalem *triariis) ſpes nititur*
Sororcularum? Cardo, cardo vertitur
Cupediarum, primativæ legis, &c.
O bone Deus! quanti eſt Carere Linteis!
Orexis ut borealis, & fames movet!

Victuque vestibusque cassi, hinc Knoxio
Sutore simul, & Knoxio utuntur coquo
Pie quod algeant, quod esuriant pie.
Larvas quin usque detrahas, & Nummulis
Titulisque (ut animabus) subest fallacia.
Libra & Barones (detumescant interim
Vocabulorum tympani) quanti valent
Hic Cantianum pene, pene villicum
Solidosque totos illa, sed gratis, duos.
Apage superba fraudulentia, simul
Prosapia Pictos, fide & Pictos procul:
Opprobrium poetico vel stigmati
Etiam Cruci Crux, non aliter hyperbolus
Hyperscelestus ostracismo sit pudor.
Americanus, ille qui Cœlum horruit
Quod Hispanorum repat eo sed pars quota!
Viderat ni Orco si Scotos, (hui tot Scotos!)
Roterodamus pependerat Medioximus.
Sat Musa! semissa ferularia
Medullitus vorans, Diabolis invides
Propriam sibi suam Scotè paropsidem.
Ut berniclis enim Scoti, sic Lucifer
Saturatur ipsis Berniclatoribus.
Nam lapsus à furcâ Scotus, mox & styge
Tinctus, suum novatur in Plani-Anserem.

On

On an ugly woman.

AS Scriveners ſometimes take delight to ſee
Their baſeſt writing, Nature has in thee
Eſſay'd how much ſhe can tranſgreſſe at once
Appelles draughts, *Durers* proportions;
And for to make a jeſt, and try a wit,
Has not (a woman) in thy forehead writ;
But ſcribl'd ſo, and gone ſo far about,
Indagine would never ſmell thee out;
But might exclaim, here onely riddles be,
And Heteroclites in phiſiognomie:
But as the myſtick Hebrew backward lies,
And Algebra's ſigheſt by abſurdities,
So muſt we ſpell thee, for who would ſuppoſe
That globous piece of Wanelcot were a noſe,
That crockt *&c.* *cætera's* were wrinkles, and
Five *Napers* bones glew'd to a wriſt, and hand;
Egyptian Antiquaries might ſurvay
Here Hieroglyphicks, time hath worn away,
And wonder at an Engliſh face, more odd
And antique, than was e're a Memphian god,
Eras'd with more ſtrange letters than might (ſcare
A raw an unexperienc'd Conjurer:
And tawny Africk bluſh, to ſee her frie
Of monſters in one skin ſo kennel'd lie.
Thou mayſt without a guard her deſarts paſſe,
When Savages but look upon thy face.

Were

Were but ſome Pict now living he would ſoon
Deem thee a fragment of his Nation;
And wiſer Ethiopians infer
From thee, that ſable's not the onely fair;
Thou privative of beauty, whoſe one eye
Doth queſtion Metaphyſicks verity;
Whoſe many croſſe Aſpects may prove anon
Foulneſſe, more then a meer Negation.
Blaſt one place ſtill, and never dare t'eſcape
Abroad out of thy mother Darkneſs lap,
Leſt that thou make the world afraid, and be
Even hated by thy nurſe, Deformitie.

To the King recovered from a fit of ſickneſſe.

Moſt Gracious Sir,

NOw that you are recover'd, and are ſeen,
Neither to fright the Ladies, nor the Queen;
That you to Chappell come, and take the air,
Makes that a verſe, which was before my prayer:
For, Sir, as we had loſt you, or your fate,
Not ſickneſs, had been told us, all of late,
So truly mourn'd, that we did onely lack
One to begin, and put us all in black.
The Court, as quite diſſolv'd, did ſadly tell,
White-Hall was only where the King is well.
Nor griev'd the people leſs, the Commons eyes,
Free as their loyal hearts, wept Subſidies.

And

And in this publike woe ſome went ſo far,
To thinke the danger did deſerve a ſtar.
Which though 't were ſhort, as but to ſhow,
You would, like one of us, a ſickneſs know,
And that you could be mortall, and to prove,
By triall of their grief, your Subjects love,
Would keep your bed, or chamber, yet our fear
Made that ſhort time we ſaw you not, a year;
So did we reaſon mindleſs, and to gain
Your quick recov'ry, ſtriv'd to ſhare your pain.
Nay, ſuch an intereſt had we in your health,
That in you ſick'ned Church & Commonwealth.
Alas, to miſſe you was enough to bring
An Anarchy, but that your life was King
More than your Scepter, & though you reſtrain'd
To come among us, yet your actions reign'd;
They were our pattern ſtill, and we from thence,
Did in your abſence chuſe our rule and Prince.
And liv'd by your example, which will ſtay,
And govern here, when you are turn'd to clay.
For what is he, that ever heard or ſaw
Your converſation, and not thought it Law?
Such a clear temper, of ſo wiſe and ſweet
A Majeſty, where power and goodneſs meet
In juſt proportions; ſuch religious care
To practiſe what you bid; as if to wear
The Crown, or Robe, were not enough to free
The Prince from that which ſubjects ought to be.
Laſtly (for all your graces to rehearſe,
Is fitter for a ſtory, than my verſe:)

Such

Such a high reverence do your vertues win,
They teach without, and govern us within,
And ſo enlarge your Kingdoms, when they ſee
Our minds more than our bodies, bend the knee.
And though before you we ſtand onely bare,
Theſe make your Preſence to be every where.

On a little Gentlewoman profoundly learned.

MAkes Nature maps? ſince that in thee
Sh' has drawn an Univerſitie,
Or ſtrives ſhe in ſo ſmall a peice,
To ſum the Arts and Sciences?
Once ſhe writ onely Text-hand, when
She ſcribled gyants, and no men:
But now in her decrepit years,
She daſhes dwarfs in characters,
And makes one ſingle farthing bear
The Creed, Commandments, and Lords prayer:
Would ſhe turn Art, and imitate
Monte-regio's flying gnat?
Would ſhe the Golden Legend ſhut
Within the Cloyſter of a nut?
Or elſe a muſket-bullet rear
Into a vaſt and mighty ſphear?
Or pen an Eagle in the caule
Of a ſlender Nightingale?

Or

Or ſhew the Pigmies can create,
Not too little, but too great.
How comes it that ſhe thus converts
So ſmall a *Totum*, and great parts?
Strives ſhe now to turn awry
The quick ſcent of Philoſophy?
How ſo little matter can
So monſtrous big a form contain?
What ſhall we call (it would be known)
This giant and this dwarf in one?
His age is blaz'd by ſilver hairs,
His limbs ſtill cry out want of years.
So ſmall a body, in a cage,
May chuſe a ſpacious Hermitage.
So great a ſoul doth fret and fume
At th' narrow world for want of room.
Strange conjunction, here is grown
A Mole-hill and the Alps in one.
In th' ſelf ſame action we may call
Nature both thrift and prodigall.

Upon the birth of the Duke of York.

MAke big the bon-fires, for in this one Son,
The Queen's deliver'd of a Nation,
She hath brought forth a People, now we may
Confeſſe our doubted life, and boldly ſay,

This

This Prince compleats our joy, becauſe he can
Already make the Prince of Wales a man,
And ſo confute the nurſe, when he ſhall ſee
Himſelf in him paſt his minoritie.
Good-morrow, Babe, welcome into that air,
Which thou confirmeſt ours, which now we
Bequeath to our late nephews, that ſhal ſee (dare
It alwayes Engliſh in the Prince and thee,
And never know the doubtfull Scepter ſtand
In expectation of a choſen hand;
Nor danger of an armed, that may bar
The Crown from falling perpendicular,
And ſo croſſe nature. For I muſt confeſſe,
I wiſh the Prince ſuch laſting happineſſe,
And do commend to Providence this work,
That the State may not need a Duke of York.
And think a given, and protected Heir,
Enough to ſilence any modeſt prayer:
Yet ſince the wiſer Heavens do conceive
A way to bleſſe poſterity, to leave
So much of *Charles* to them, as they ſhall ſee
Drawn to the life in ſo much imag'rie,
And durſt not truſt a Chronicle, but wou'd
Derive his vertues onely in his bloud;
And thinking them too vaſt for one, did try
To coin a partner to his legacy:
May Heaven proceed to keep him, may he ſhine
To mock the poorneſſe of the Indian Mine,
And ſcorn the Fleet, having a treaſure ſafe
Above the winds reach, or the Holland[illegible]

So

So may he puzzle State-men, and put down
All reck'nings of revenews to the Crown,
And alter the Kings rents, for his two ſons
Muſt go for twenty thouſand millions;
And ſo make *Charles* the jealous world ally,
Thus grown too potent for an enemy,
All thoſe muſt ſtudy leagues now, that had rather
Seem rich in any title than of Father.
But may he ſtill be dreadfull ſo and be
To theſe abroad fear'd as a Deitie,
At home lov'd as a Father, whilſt he thus
To them is Terrour, and a Shield to us.

On Parſons *the great Porter.*

SIr, or great Grandſire, whoſe vaſt bulk may be
A burying place for all your pedigre:
Thou moving Coloſs, for whoſe goodly face,
The Rhine can hardly make a looking-glaſs;
What piles of victuals hadſt thou need to chew,
Ten *Woods*, or *Marrets* throats, were not enow;
Dwarf was he, whoſe wives bracelets fit his thumb,
It would not on thy little finger come.
If *Jove* in getting *Hercules* ſpent three
Nights, he might be fifteen in getting thee.
What name or title ſuits thy Greatneſs, thou,
Aldiboronifuſcorphornio? one,
When Giants warr'd with *Jove*, hadſt thou been
Where other oaks, thou wouldſt have mountains thrown;

Wert

Wert thou but ſick, what help could ere be
wrought,
Unleſs Phyſicians poſted down thy throat?
Wert thou to die, and *Xerxes* living, he
Would not pare Athos for to cover thee;
Wert thou t'imbalm, the Surgeons needs muſt
ſcale
Thy body, as when Laborers dig a whale.
Great Sir, a people kneaded up in one, (ſtone;
Wee'll weigh thee by ſhip-burthens, not by th'
What tempeſts mightſt thou raiſe, what whirl-
winds, when
Thou breaths, thou great Leviathan of men:
Bend but thine eye, a Countrey-man would
A regiment of Spaniards quarter'd there; (ſweat
Smooth but thy brow, they'l ſay, there were a
Plain,
T' act York and Lancaſter o're once again!
That pocket-piſtoll of the Queens might be
Thy pocket-piſtoll, *ſans Hyperbole*,
Abſtain from Garriſons, ſince thou mayſt eat
The Turks, or Moguls titles at a bit:
Plant ſome new land, which ne're wil empty be,
If ſhe enjoy her Savages in thee:
Get from amongſt us, ſince we onely can
Appear like ſculs marcht o're by *Tamberlane*.

To the Queen upon the birth of one of her Children.

THat children are like Olive branches, we
Took for a figure, now 't was propheſie,
Your birth's, great Queen have made a new account,
Who bring not forth ſome Olives, but the Mount;
And we, who wiſh't your Table half way round
Beſet with them, do now behold it crown'd.
Were there no other Court, or Nobles, yet
The King, we ſee, can his own Court beget:
Nay in the firſt worlds age he that could do
Like him, was father of his Countrey too,
When in that dearth of ſubjects, Kings were fain
Firſt to beget their Kingdoms and then raign.
When their own off-ſpring were their people; and
One family both fill'd and made the land.
But I ſpeak treaſon to ſay Princes bloud
Can e're run into people, 't is a floud
Ev'n in the fountain: ſmall ſtreams looſe their name.
Such births like th' Ocean are ſtill the ſame.
No number makes them private we may call
Not all one Nation, but Nations all.
For as I've ſeen the Ark drawn like the womb
Of the four Empires, and the world to come

Out of whoſe mid'ſt hath ſprung a myſtick Tree
With every branch a Genealogie,
Not of ſome houſe, but of the world this bough
For Europe, that for Africk we allow:
And all the other ſmaller twigs there ſeen
Have ſtood for Iles, or Countreys; ſo, great Queen,
From you as from the Ark, nothing can be
Born leſſe then Kingdoms, or a Monarchy.
Your pains are all imperial, and your throws
Can bring forth nought that is not great; yet thoſe
For daughters ſtill have thus more publick been,
That you by them to Chriſtendom lie in,
Your ſons may make us ſafe, but we the while
Muſt be a World divided, ſtill an Ile,
We ſhall be now o'th' continent; this Sex
Will mak't all one to conquer, or annex,
To be ally'd, will bring, what ſome in vain
Hope for by th' ſword, an univerſal raign;
Which yet we may diſpair of, ſince we ſee
Europe to match yours, will want progeny.

To Cloris *a Rapture.*

COme *Julia*, come! let's once disbody, what
Strait matter ties to this, and not to that,
Wee'l disingage, our bloudleſſe form ſhall fly
Beyond the reach of earth, where ne're an eye
That peeps through ſpectacles of fleſh, ſhall know
Where we intend, or what we mean to do;

From

From all contagion of fleſh remov'd
Wee'l ſit in judgement, on thoſe paires that lov'd
In old and latter times, then will we tear
Their Chaplets that did act by ſlaviſh fear,
VVho cheriſh't cauſeleſſe griefs, and did deny
Cupids prerogative by doubt, or tie,
But they that mov'd by confidence, and clos'd
In one refining flame, and never los'd
Their thoughts on earth, but bravely did aſpire
Unto their proper Element of fire,
To theſe wee'l judge that happineſſe to be
The witneſſes of our felicity.
Thus vvee'l like Angels move, nor vvill vve binde
In words the Copious language of our minde,
Such as we know not to conceive, much leſſe,
VVithout deſtroying in their birth, expreſſe:
Thus will we live, and ('t may be) caſt an eye
How far *Eliſium* doth beneath us lie;
VVhat need we care, though milky Currents run
Amongſt the ſilken Meadows, though the Sun
Doth ſtill preſerve by's ever waking ray
A never diſcontinued ſpring, or day.
That Sun, though all his heat be to it brought,
Cannot exhale the vapour of a thought.
No, no, my Goddeſſe, yet will thou and I
Deveſted of all fleſh ſo folded lie,
That ne'r a body'd nothing ſhall perceive
How we unite, how we together cleave;

Nor think this while our feathered minutes may
Fall under meaſure, time it ſelf can ſtay
T'attend our pleaſures, for what elſe would be
But tedious durance in eternity.

An Elegie upon Ben. Johnſon.

AS when the Veſtal hearth went out, no fire
Leſſe holy then that flame that did expire
Could kindle it again: ſo at thy fall
Our wits, great *Ben*, are too Apocryphall
To celebrate thy loſſe, ſince 'tis too much
To write thy Epitaph, and not be ſuch.
What thou wert, like th' hard oracles of old,
Without an extaſie cannot be told.
We muſt be raviſht firſt, thou muſt infuſe
Thy ſelf into us both the Theam and Muſe:
Elſe, (though we all conſpir'd to make thy herſe
Our works) ſo that 't had been but one great Verſe,
Though the Prieſt had tranſlated for that time
The Liturgy, and buried thee in Rhime,
So that in *Meeter* we had heard it ſaid
Poetick duſt is to Poetick laid:
And though that duſt being Shake-ſpears thou might'ſt have
Not his room, but the Poet for thy grave,

So

So that as thou didſt Prince of numbers die
And live, ſo thou mighteſt in numbers lie,
'Twere frail ſolemnity; Verſes on thee
And not like thine, would but kind Libels be.
And we (not ſpeaking thy whole worth) ſhould raiſe
Worſe blot: then they that envied thy praiſe.
Indeed thou need'ſt us not, ſince above all
Invention, thou wert thine own funeral.
Hereafter, when time hath fed on thy Tombe,
Th' inſcription worn out, and the Marble dumb
So that 'twould poſe a Critick to reſtore
Half words, and words expir'd ſo long before;
When thy maym'd ſtatue hath a ſentenc'd face
And looks that are the horror of the place;
That 't will be learnings and Antiquity,
And ask a Selden to ſay, this was thee
Thou'lt have a whole name ſtill, nor need'ſt thou fear
That will be ruin'd, or looſe noſe, or hair.
Let others write ſo thin, that they can't be
Authors till rotten, no poſterity (then,
Can add to thy works; th' had their full growth,
When firſt born, and came aged from thy pen,
Whil'ſt living thou enjoy'dſt the fame & ſence
Of all that time gives but the reverence:
When th'art of *Homers* years, no man will ſay
Thy Poems are leſſe worthy, but more gray.
'Tis baſtard poetry and oth' falſe bloud
Which cann't without ſucceſſion be good,

Things that will alwayes laſt do thus agree
VVith things eternal; th' at once perfect be.
Scorn then their cenſures, who gave out, thy wit
As long upon a Comoedie dit ſit
As Elephants bring forth; and that by blots
And mendings, took more time then fortune plots,
That ſuch thy drought was, & ſo great thy thirſt
That all thy plays were drawn at th' Mearmaid firſt,
That the Kings yearly but wore, and his vvine
Hath more right then thou to thy Catiline,
Let ſuch men keep a diet, let their wit
Be rackt, and while they write, ſuffer a fit;
VVhen th' have felt tortures without pain the Gour,
Such, as with leſs, the ſtate draws treaſon out;
Though they ſhould the length of Conſumptions lie
Sick of their Verſe, and of their Poem die,
'Twould not be thy worſt ſcene, but would at laſt
Confirm their boaſtings, and ſhew made in haſt,
He that writes well writes quick, ſince the rule's true,
Nothing is ſlowly done that's alwayes new;
So when thy Fox had ten times acted been,
Each day was firſt, but that 't was cheaper ſeen,
And ſo thy Alchymiſt plaid ore and ore,
Was new o'th ſtage, when 't was not at the dore;
VVe like the Actors did repeat, the pit
The firſt time ſaw, the next conceiv'd thy wit,
VVhich

VVhich was caſt in thoſe forms, ſuch rules, ſuch Arts,
That but to ſome not half thy acts were parts,
Since of ſome ſilken judgements we may ſay
They fild a box two hours, but ſaw no play:
So that th' unlearned loſt their money, and
Scholars ſav'd onely, that could underſtand:
Thy ſcene was free from monſters, no hard plot
Cal'd down a god t' unty th' unlikely knot.
The ſtage was ſtill a ſtage, two entrances
VVere not two parts, oth' vvorld disjoyn'd by th' Seas;
Thine were Land-Tragedies, no Prince was found
To ſwim a whole ſcene out, then oth' ſtage drown'd
Pitcht fields, as Red bull vvars, ſtill felt thy doom.
Thou laid'ſt no ſiedges to the Muſick room,
Nor would'ſt alow to thy beſt Comedies
Humours that ſhould above the people riſe;
Yet was thy language and thy ſtile ſo high
Thy ſock to th' ancle, busk in reach'd to th' thigh;
And both ſo chaſt, ſo 'bove Dramatick clean
That we both ſafely ſaw, and liv'd thy ſcene;
No foul looſe line did proſtitute thy wit,
Thou wrot'ſt thy Comoedies, didſt not commit,
We did the vice araign'd, not tempting hear,
And were made Judges, not bad parts by th' ear,

For thou even ſin did'ſt in ſuch words array,
That ſome, who came bad parts, went out good play,
Which ended not with th' Epilogue, the age
Still acted, which grew innocent from th' ſtage.
Tis true thou hadſt ſome ſharpneſſe, but thy ſalt
Serv'd but with pleaſure to reform the fault,
Men were laugh'd into vertue, and none more
Hated fool acted, then were ſuch before,
So did thy ſting not bloud but humours draw,
So much did Satyre more correct then Law,
Which was not nature in thee, as ſome call
Thy teeth, who ſay thy wit lay in thy Gall,
That thou did'ſt quarrel firſt, and then in ſpight
Did'ſt 'gainſt a perſon of ſuch vices write
That 'twas revenge, not truth, that on the ſtage
Carlo was not preſented, but thy rage;
And that when thou in Company wert met
Thy meat took notes, and thy diſcourſe was net,
We know thy free vein had this innocence
To ſpare the party, and to brand th' offence,
And the juſt indignation thou wert in
Did not expoſe ſhift but his tricks and gin,
Thou might'ſt have us'd th' old Comick freedom, theſe
Might have ſeen themſelves plaid, like Socrates,
Like *Cleon Mammon* might the Knight have been,
If as Greek Authors, thou had'ſt turn'd Greek ſpleen.

And

And had'ſt not choſen rather to tranſlate
Their learning into Engliſh, not their rate,
Indeed this laſt if thou had'ſt been bereft
Of thy humanity, might be call'd theft,
The other was not, whatſoe'r was ſtrange,
Or borrowed in thee did grow thine by th' change,
Who without Lattin helps hadſt been as rare
As *Beaumont*, *Fletcher*, or as *Shak-ſpear* were,
And like them, from thy Native ſtock could'ſt ſay
Poets and Kings are not born every day.

An Epitaph.

STay gentle Reader and ſhed o're
Thoſe ſacred Aſhes one tear more.
Theſe ſad accents cloath'd in black
Mourn him whom Church and State do lack,
And this weeping Marble ſtone
Doth invite a parting grone,
Here lies within this ſtony ſhade
Natur's darling whom ſhe made
Her faireſt model, her brief ſtory
In him heaping all her glory.
Here lies one whom times of old
Amongſt their wonders had inrol'd,
Whoſe ſet beams might well aſpire,
Kindled by Poetick fire,
Unto a ſtarry light, and there
For a Grave adorne a ſphear;

One

One ſo valiantly ſtrong,
He fear'd to do any wrong,
Learnings glory, who alone
Was fit to write on his own ſtone;
Here tongues lie ſpeechleſſe, to be dumb
Is our beſt *Epicedium.*

Upon Wood *of Kent.*

SIr, much good do't ye, were your table but
Pie-cruſt or cheeſe, you might your ſtomack
ſhut,
After your ſlice of beef, what dare you trie
Your force on an ell-ſquare of pudding-pie?
Perhaps 't may be a taſte, three ſuch as you
Unbreakfaſted, might ſerve Seraglio.
When *Hanibal* ſcal'd th' Alps, hadſt thou been
there,
Thy beef had drunk up all his vineger:
Well mightſt thou be of Guard to *Henry* th'
Eighth,
Since thou canſt like a pigeon eat thy weight:
Full wiſe was Nature, that would not beſtow
Theſe tusks of thine into a double row;
What womb could e're contain thee, thou
canſt ſhut
A pond or Aviary in a gut.
Had not thy mother born thee toothleſſe, thou
Hadſt eaten, viper-like, a paſſage through;

Had

Had he that wish'd the Cranes long neck to eat,
Put in thy stomack too, 't had been compleat.
Thou *Noahs* Ark, dead Sea, thou Golgotha,
Monster, beyond all them of Africa!
Beasts prey on beasts, fishes to fishes fall,
Great birds feed on the lesser, thou on all:
Hath there been no mistake, why may't not be,
When *Curtius* leapt the gulf, 'twas into thee.
Now wee'll beleeve that man of Chica could
Make pills of arrows, and the boy that would
Chew onely stones, nor can we think it vain,
That *Doranetho* eat up th' neighbouring plain.
Poor *Crisicthon*, that could onely feast
On one poor Girl, in several dishes drest;
Thou hast devour'd as many sheep, as may
Cloath all the pastures in Arcadia;
Yet, O how temperate, that ne're goes on
So far, as to approach repletion.
Thou breathing Cau'dron, whose digestive heat
Might boil the whole provision of the Fleet;
Say grace as long as meals, and if thou please,
Break fast with Islands, and drink healths with Seas.

On

On Chriſt-Church windows.

YOu that prophane our windows with a tongue
Set like ſome clock, on purpoſe to go wrong;
Who, when you were at Service, ſigh'd, becauſe
You heard the Organs muſick, not the Dawes,
Pitying our ſolemn State, ſhaking your head,
To ſee no ruines from the floor to th' Lead:
To whoſe pure noſe our Cedar gave offence,
Crying, It ſmelt of Papiſts frankincenſe,
Who walking on our marbles, ſcoffing ſaid,
Whoſe bodies are under theſe tomb-ſtones laid?
Counting our tapers works of darkneſs, and
Chooſing to ſee Prieſts in blew aprons ſtand,
Rather than in rich coapes, which ſhew the art
Of *Siſera's* prey embroider'd in each part:
Then when you ſaw the Altars Baſon, ſaid,
Why's not the Ewer on the Cup-board laid?
Thinking our very Bibles too prophane,
'Cauſe you ne're bought ſuch covers in Duck-Lane.
Loathing all decencie, as if you'ld have
Altars as foul, and homely as a grave.
Had you one ſpark of reaſon, you would finde
Your ſelves like idols, to have eyes, yet blinde;
'Tis onely ſome baſe niggard, Hereſie,
To think religion loves deformity.

Glory

Glory did never yet make God the leſſe,
Neither can beauty defile holineſſe. (where
What's more magnificent than heav'n? yet
Is there more love and piety than there?
My heart doth wiſh (were't poſſible) to ſee
Pauls built with precious ſtones and porphyrie;
To have our hals and galleries out-ſhine
Altars in beauty, is to deck our ſwine
With Orient pearl, whilſt the deſerving Quire
Of God and Angels, wallow in the mire.
Our decent coapes onely diſtinction keep,
That you may know the Shepherd from the ſheep,
As gawdy letters in the Rubrick ſhow
How you may holy-days from lay-days know;
Remember *Aarons* robes, and you will ſay,
Ladies at Maſques are not ſo rich as they.
Then are th' Prieſts words like thunder-claps, when he
Is lightning like ray'd round with majeſtie;
May every Temple ſhine like thoſe at Nile,
And ſtill be free from Rat or Crocodile:
But you will urge, both Prieſt and Church ſhould be
The ſolemn pattners of humilitie,
Do not ſome boaſt of rags? Cynicks deride
The pomp of Kings, but with a greater pride.
Meekneſs conſiſts not in the cloaths, but heart;
Nature may be vain-glorious well as Art:
We may as lowly before God appear,
Dreſt with a glorious pearl, as with a tear.

In

In his high preſence, where the Stars and Sun
Do but eclipſe, there's no ambition.
You dare admit gay paint upon a wall,
Why then in glaſſe that's held Apocryphall?
Our bodies temples are, look in the eye,
The window, and you needs muſt pictures ſpy;
Moſes and *Aaron*, and the Kings Arms are
Daub'd in the Church, when you the warden were.
Yet you ne're fin'd for Papiſt, ſhall we ſay;
Banbury is turn'd Rome, becauſe we may
See th' holy Lamb and *Chriſtopher*? nay more,
The Altar-ſtone ſet at the Tavern doore?
Why can't the Ox then in th' Nativity,
Be imag'd forth, but Papiſts buls are nigh?
Our pictures to no other end are made, (ſpade,
Than is your time and's bill, your death and's
To us they are but Memento's, which preſent
Chriſt beſt, except his Word and Sacrament.
If 't were a ſin to ſet up imag'ry,
To get a child were flat idolatry.
The models of our buildings would be thus
Directions to our houſes, ruines to us,
Hath not each creature which hath daily breath,
Some thing which reſembles heaven or earth:
Suppoſe ſome ignorant Heathen once did bow
To Images, may not we ſee them now?
Should we love darkneſs, and abhor the Sun,
'Cauſe Perſians gave it adoration?
And plant no Orchards, becauſe apples firſt
Made

Made *Adam* and his lineal race accurſt.
Though wine for *Bacchus*, bread for *Ceres* went,
Yet both are uſed in the Sacrament;
What then if theſe were Popiſh reliques; few
Windows are elſewhere old, but theſe are new,
And ſo exceed the former, that the face
Of theſe come ſhort of th' outſide of our glaſs:
Colours are here mixt, ſo that rainbows be
(Compar'd) but clouds without varietie.
Art here is Natures envie; this is he,
Not *Paracelſus*, but by Chymiſtrie
Can make a man from aſhes, if not duſt,
Producing off-ſprings of his minde, not luſt.
See how he makes his Maker, and doth draw
All that is meant i'th' the Goſpel, or i'th' Law.
Looking upon the Reſurrection,
Me thoughts I ſaw the bleſſed Viſion,
Where not his face is meerely drawne, but mind,
Which not with paint, but oyl of gladneſſe ſhin'd:
But when I view'd the next pane, where we have
The God of life tranſported to his grave,
Light then is dark, all things ſo dull and dead;
As if that part of th' window had been lead.
Jonas his whale did ſo mens eyes befool,
That they have beg'd him th' Anatomy ſchool.
That he ſaw ſhips at Oxford one did ſwear,
Though *Iſis* yet will barges hardly bear:

Another

Another ſoon, as he the trees eſpi'd,
Thought them i'th' garden on the other ſide.
See in what ſtate (though on an aſſe) Chriſt went,
This ſhews more glorious than the Parli'ment.
Then in what awe *Moſes* his rod doth keep
The Seas, as if the froſt had glaz'd the Deep;
The raging waves are to themſelves a bound,
Some cry, Help, help, or horſe and man are drown'd.
Shadows do every where for ſubſtance paſs,
You'd think the ſands were in an hour-glaſs,
You that do live with Surgeons, have you ſeen
A ſpring of blood forc'd from a ſwelling vein:
So from a touch of *Moſes* rod, doth jump
A Cataract, the rock is made a pump:
At ſight of whoſe o're-flowings, many get
Themſelves away, for fear of being wet.
Here you behold a ſprightfull Lady ſtand,
To have her frame drawn by a Painters hand;
Such lively look and preſence, ſuch a dreſs
King *Pharaohs* daughters image doth expreſs,
Look well upon her gown, and you will ſwear
The needle, not the pencill hath been there.
At ſight of her, ſome gallants do diſpute,
Whether i'th' Church 'tis lawfull to ſalute?
Next *Jacob* kneeling, where his Kid-skin's ſuch,
As it may well cozen old *Iſaacs* touch. (bout,
A Shepherd ſee'ng how thorns went round a-
Abrahams ram, would needs have helpt it out;
Behold,

Behold, the Dove descending to inspire
Th' Apostles heads with cloven tongues of fire,
And in a superficies there you'l see
The grosse dimensions of profundity:
'T is hard to judge which is best built & higher,
The Arch-roof in the window, or the quier.
All beasts as in the Ark are lively done;
Nay, you may see the shadow of the Sun:
Upon a Landskip if you look awhile,
You'l think the prospect at least 40 mile;
Ther's none needs now go travel we may see
At home *Jerusalem* and *Ninivy*.
And *Sodom* now in flames: one glance will dart
Farther then *Lynce* with *Galilæus* art,
Seeing *Eliahs* Chariot, we fear
There is some fiery prod'gy in the aire,
When Christ to purge his Temple holds his whip,
How nimbly huckſters with their baskets skip.
St. *Peters* fishes are so lively wrought,
Some cheapen them, and ask when they were cought.
Here's motions painted too: Chariots so fast
Run that they 're never gone though alwayes past,
The Angels with their Lutes are done so true,
We do not onely look, but harken too,
As if their sounds were painted: thus the wit
Of th' pencil hath drawn more then there can sit.

Thus as (in Archimedes ſpheare) you may
In a ſmall glaſs the Univerſe ſurvey;
Such various ſhapes are too ith' imag'ry
as age and ſex may their own features ſee,
But if the window cannot ſhew your face,
Look under feet, the Marble is your glaſs;
VVhich too, for more then ornament, is there,
The ſtones may learne your eyes to ſhed a tear,
They never work upon the conſcience;
They cannot make us kneel, we are not ſuch
As thinke there's Ballome in the Kiſſe, or Touch,
That were groſſe ſuperſtition we know;
There's no more pow'r in them then the Popes Toe.
The Saints themſelves for us can do no good,
Much leſſe their pictures drawn in glaſſe, or wood,
They cannot ſeal, but ſince they ſignifie,
They may be worthy of a caſt oth' eye,
Although no worſhip: that is due alone,
Not to the Carpenters, but Gods own ſon:
Obedience to blocks deſerves the Rod,
The Lord may well be then a jealous God.
Why ſhould not ſtatues now be due to *Paul*,
As to the *Ceſars* of the Cappitoll;
How many images of great Heirs, which
Had nothing but the din of being rich,

Shine

Shine in our Temples? kneeling always there
Where, when they were alive, they'd ſcarce appear?
Yet ſhall Chriſts Sepulcher have ne're a Tomb?
Shall every Saint have a *John Baptiſts* Doom?
No Limb of *Marie* ſtand? muſt we forget
Chriſts Croſſe, as ſoon as paſt the Alphabet?
Shall not their heads have room in th' window, who
Founded our Church, and our Religion too?
We know that God's a ſpirit, we confeſſe,
We cannot comprehend his name, much leſſe
Can a ſmall glaſſe his nature: but ſince he
Vouchſafed to ſuffer his humanity;
Why may not we (onely to put's in minde
Of 's God-head) have his manhood thus enſhrin'd.
Is our Kings perſon leſſe eſteem'd, becauſe
We read him in our Coins as well as Laws?
Do what we can, whether we think, or paint,
All Gods expreſſions are but weak and faint,
Yet ſpots in Globes muſt not be blotted thence,
That cannot ſhew the World's magnificence.
Nor is it fit we ſhould the skill controu—
Becauſe the Artiſt cannot draw the Soul.

Ceaſe then your railings and your dull complaints,
To pull down Galleries and ſet up Saints
Is no impiety: now we may well
Say that our Church is truely viſible:
Thoſe that before our glaſſe ſcaffolds prefer
VVould turn our Temple to a Theater.
VVindows are Pulpits now; though unlearn'd, (one
May read this Bibles new Edition.
Inſtead of here and there, a verſe adorn'd
Round with a Lace of paint, fit to be ſcorn'd.
Even by vulgar eyes, each pane preſents
VVhole Chapters with both Comment and Contents,
The cloudy myſteries of the Goſpel here
Tranſparent as the Cryſtal do appear,
'Tis not to ſee things darkly through a glaſſe
Here you may ſee our Saviour face to face;
And whereas feaſts come ſeldom, here's diſcri'd
A conſtant Chriſtmas, Eaſter, VVhitſuntide,
Let the deaf hither come, no matter though
Faiths ſence be loſt, we a new way can ſhow,
Here we can teach them to believe by th' eye
Theſe ſilenc'd Miniſters do edifie:
The Scriptures ray's contracted in a glaſſe
Like Emblems do with greater virtue paſſe,
Look in the book of Martyres and you'l ſee
More by the pictures than the Hiſtory:
That price for things in colours oft we give,
Which wee'd not take to have them while they live,

Such

Such is the power of painting that it makes
A loving ſympathy 'twixt men and ſnakes,
Hence then *Paul*'s Doctrine may ſeem more Divine,
As Amber through a glaſſe doth clearer ſhine:
Words paſſe away, as ſoon as headache gone,
We read in books what here we dwell upon,
Thus then there's no more fault in imag'ry
Then there's in the practice of piety;
Both edifie: what is in Letters there
Is writ in plainer Hieroglyphicks here;
'Tis not a new Religion we have choſe,
'Tis the ſame body but in better cloaths;
You'l ſay they make us gaze when we ſhould pray;
And that our thoughts do on the figures ſtray,
If ſo, you may conclude us beaſts; what they
Have for their object is to us the way.
Did any ere uſe proſpective to ſee
No further then the glaſſe; or can there be
Such lazie Travellers ſo giv'n to ſin,
As that they'l take their dwelling at the Inne?
A Chriſtians ſight reſts in Divinity,
Signs are but ſpectacles to help faiths eye,
God is the Center; dwelling on theſe words,
My Muſe a Sabbath to my brain affords;
If their nice wits more ſolemne proof exact,
Know, this was meant a Poem not a Tract.

An intertainment at Cotswold.

TRudge hence ye tender flocks, ſome gloomy grove
Muſt be this days refreſhment, now remove
Your ſelves ye muſt; your walk's muſt be reſign'd
Unto a matchleſſe troup of female kind,
Whoſe beauty, ſhould the flat-nos'd Satyrs ſpy,
They would not live, but languiſh, and ſo die.
Troys lofty Towers, wch once o're-topt the clouds
And menac'd heaven, *Hellens* beauty ſhrowd's
In cinders; for his tender *Heroes* ſake.
Leander cuts the Helles-pontick Lake,
Yet thoſe to theſe, were tawny, rivel'd, dun,
Such as a glim'ring Taper to the Sun.
This Turret-ſwells (me thinks) as proud to be
The ſeat, or foot-ſtool of that Company;
And *Eolus*, before he will ſet free
The windy Tenant, ſayes, Now go and flee
O're flowry Gardens, bruſh the verdant meads
And ſweeteſt walk's, where fair'ſt beauty treads;
Yea, Ranſack natur's wardrope for perfumes
More precious then the coſtlieſt dame conſumes,
Then gently breath upon that lovely train
That are a tripping on the fallow plain;
For now, unleſſe my Calender do ly,
Since fair *Diana* and her Company
Did trace theſe ſpacious plains, bright *Phœbus* Carre
Hath run from *Piſces* to the watry Starre,

From

From thence to *Leo*, for 'tis juſt the day
That was appointed for to dance and play;
That day, which to poſterity ſhall ſhine
In Almanacks, writ with a Rubrick line,
In which days praiſe the ſiſters that do ſing
In pale *Pyrene*, and *Heliconian* ſpring
Do drink of, ſhall compoſe more witty lay's
Then were e're heard of in old *Orpheus* dayes;
Their chief Muſician ſhall Indite a ſtory,
Which ſhall eternize this days founders glory,
He's a fit ſubject for a'l Poets quills,
That bring's *Arcadia* to our Cotſwold-hills;
Me thinks each Creatur's proud to ſpend his breath
In vindicating this mans name from death;
The Candid winds, as they theſe downs fly over,
Whiſtle the praiſe of praiſe-deſerving Dover;
Heavens winged Quiriſters do warble forth
More pleaſant notes, and celebrate his worth
In ſweeteſt tunes, the till-now ſullen earth,
Hath deckt her breaſt with flowers fit for mirth
Fain would ſhe vent, but 'cauſe ſhe cannot ſpeak
His praiſe, ſhe weeps it, elſe her heart would break;
For where that famous Valley ſhe o're looks,
Run drilling from her eyes ſweet ſilver brooks,
Which, when in progreſſe they ſalute thoſe plains,
Whoſe large increaſe yields *Wickham* men great gains,

In honour of that place they leap on high,
And frisk and dance for joy they are so nigh;
Each lumpish peble stone they justle far,
As who should say, Be frolick as we are;
Then they repine at their streight-lacing shore
Prohibiting their passage to his dore;
And to declare that they obliged stand
In sign of homage they salute the land;
But when their haste hath posted them from thence,
Where his Tutelars keep their residence,
They butt against each nook, and as they swell
Look back and cry, For ever live, fare-well.
Then they to *Avoan* blazon out his worth,
And she to Severne, Severne lets it forth
To *Isis*, who her sister *Thame* implores
To tell the Ocean, and the Ocean roares
It to the world; so that there is no ground
Where his Encomions Eccho doth not sound;
The Bacchides, old Bacchus made to thee,
Their red-nos'd pimple-faced diety,
Those feasts call'd Orgia, and the Matrons chast
To *Ceres* celebrate a nine-dayes feast,
Call'd first-fruits offerings; to the Queen of *May*,
Call'd Flora, youth did make a holy day,
Where garlands deckt the temples of the Queen,
And maidens measur'd Galliards on the green.
Th' ensuing age wants Patrons to support
Bacchus, or *Ceres* rights, or *Flora's* sport,

Till

Till *Dover* comes, who *Flora* Queen of *May*
Doth re-inſtall into her holy-day.
He ſleights the reſt, 'tis ſure, becauſe they be
The Grand ſupporters of all Luxury;
Firſt ſhall the tender Lambs with Tigers dwell,
And fearfull Harts ſhall lodge with Lyons fell;
Firſt ſhall the glorious Star-beſtudded sky
Want light, and *Neptun's* regiment be dry;
Firſt ſhall the Courtiers leave their ſweet imbraces,
Ladies to plaiſter o're their furrow'd faces;
Firſt ſhe whoſe naſty breath offends her love
Shall ceaſe her mouth to ſweeten with a Clove;
Firſt ſhall *Nyctimene* that bird of night
To fly at noon take pleaſure and delight;
Ere Cotswold ſhepheards, on their joynted reeds,
Shall ceaſe to ſing his fame-deſerving deeds;
Who from their Tombs wherein they were inthral'd
The ancient dancing, *Druides* hath call'd,
Which from the woods did walk unto the plain,
There dance a Jigge, and ſo return again.
Let him that dares this dancing green deface
Be plagued as well as *Eriſichthon* was,
Who, cauſe he feld thoſe dancers ſacred tree,
Was pin'd with famin, di'd in miſerie.
The ruſtick ſwains ſhall henceforth take delight,
To cheat the tedious cold *December* night,
With ſuch ſweet Sonnets as the Poets frame,
In honour of thy thir-dayes-work and name:

Yea

Yea, they themſelves ſo long ſhall ſleep in mirth,
Making of Lambs-woll on the winters hearth,
Untill *Aurora's* ſnow white limbs they ſpie
Through nights black Curtains, and the night to die:
Thus ſhall they dayly ſing, ſit, hatch a laugh,
And to thy health (brave *Dover*) freely quaffe.

To the Queen.

Great Queen,

WHom tumults leſſen not, whoſe wombe, we ſee,
Keeps the ſame Method ſtill, the ſame decree;
And midſt the brandiſh't ſwords, and trumpets voyce
Brings forth a Prince, a conqueſt to that noiſe.
We greet the courage of your births: and ſpy
Your conſorts ſpirit dancing in your eye.
Valour he ſhrouds in armour, you in vaile;
You wrapt in Tiffany, and he in maile.
The fair'ſt bloom might ſince the ſeaſons lou'r
Looſe all its ſent, and turn a common flow'r
A ſtorm might blaſt the beauty of that brow,
And the freſh Roſe ſhrink from its glory now.
But there the conſtant flower in tempeſts gay,
As in the ſilent whiſpers of the day,
Can thrive in blaſts, and alike fruitfull be,
When *Charls* in ſteel, or *Charls* in robes you ſee,

You

You ſmile a mother, when the juſt King ſtands,
Or with a ſhow'r, or thunder in his hands.
Thus you alone ſeated above all Jars,
Turn noiſe to tunes, and lightning into Stars.

An Elegie on Ben. Johnſon.

POet of Princes, Prince of Poets (wee,
If to *Apollo* well may pray to thee.)
Give Gloworms leave to peep, who till thy night
Could not be ſeen, we darkned were with light;
For Stars t' appear after the fall oth' Sun,
Is at the leaſt modeſt preſumption.
I've ſeen a great Lamp lighted by the ſmall
Spark of a flint found in a field, or wall,
Our inner Verſe faintly may ſhaddow forth
A dull reflection of thy glorious worth,
And like a ſtatue homely faſhion'd, raiſe
Some trophies to thy mem'ry, though not praiſe.
Thoſe ſhallow Sirs, who want ſharp ſight to look
On the majeſtick ſplendour of thy book,
That rather chuſe to hear an *Archy* prate,
Then the full ſenſe of a learn'd Laureate,
May, when they ſee thy name thus plainly writ,
Admire the ſolemn meaſure of thy wit,
And like thy works beyond a gawdy ſhow
Of boords and canvaſs, wrought by *Inigo*.

Plough-

Ploughmen, who puzzled are with figures, come
By tallies to the reck'ning of a ſum, (lap
And milk-ſop heirs, which from their mothers
Scarce travell'd, know far countryes by a map.
Shakeſpeare may make griefs, merry *Beaumonts*
Raviſh and melt anger into a ſmile; (ſtile
In winter nights, or after meals, they be,
I muſt confeſſe, very good companie:
But thou exact'ſt our beſt hours induſtrie,
We may read them, we ought to ſtudy thee;
Thy ſcenes are precepts, every verſe doth give
Counſell, and teach us, not to laugh, but live.
You that with towring thoughts preſume ſo high
(Swell'd with a vain ambitions tympany)
To dream on Scepters, whoſe brave miſchief calls
The bloud of Kings to their laſt funeralls,
Learn from *Sejanus* his high fall, to prove
To thy dread Sovereigne a ſacred love;
Let him ſuggeſt a reverend fear to thee,
And may his Tragedy thy Lecture be;
Learn the compendious age of ſlippery power
That's built on blood, and may one little hour
Teach thy bold raſhneſſe, that it is not ſafe,
To build a kingdom on a *Cæſars* grave;
Thy plays were whipt and libell'd, only 'cauſe
They're good, & favor of our Kingdoms laws,
Hiſtrio-Maſtix (lightning like) doth wound
Thoſe things alone that ſolid are and ſound.

Thus

Thus guilty men hate juſtice, ſo a glaſs,
Is ſometimes broke for ſhewing a foul face;
There's none that wiſh thee rods, in ſtead of bays,
But ſuch whoſe very hate adds to thy praiſe;
Let Scriblers (that write poſt, and verſifie
With no more leaſure than we caſt a die)
Spur on their *Pegaſus*, and proudly cry,
This verſe I made i'th' twinkling of an eye;
Thou could'ſt have done ſo, hadſt thou thought
it fit,
But 'twas the wiſdom of thy Muſe to ſit
And weigh each ſyllable, ſuffring nought to
paſs,
But what could be no better than it was;
Thoſe that keep pompous ſtate, ne're go in haſt;
Thou went'ſt before them all, though not ſo
faſt;
While their poor cobweb-ſtuff findes as quick
fate,
As birth, and ſels like Alm'nacks out of date;
The marbled glory of thy labour'd rhime
Shall live beyond the Calendar of time,
Who will their Meteors 'bove thy Sun advance;
Thine are the works of Judgement, theirs of
Chance.
How this whole Kingdome's in thy debt, we
have
From others periwigs and paint, to ſave
Our ruin'd ſculs, and faces; but to thee
We owe our tongues, and fancies remedie.

Thy

Thy Poems make us Poets, we may lack
(Reading thy book) ſtoln ſentences and Sack.
He that can but one ſpeech of thine rehearſe,
Whether he will or no, muſt make a verſe.
Thus trees give fruit, the kernels of that fruit
Do bring forth trees, which in more branches ſhoot.
Our Canting Engliſh (of it ſelf alone)
(I had almoſt laid a confuſion)
Is now all harmony; what we did ſay
Before was tuning onely, this is play.
Strangers who cannot reach thy ſenſe will throng,
To hear us ſpeak the accents of thy tongue,
As unto birds that ſing: if 't be ſo good
When heard alone, what is 't when underſtood!
Thou ſhalt be read as Claſſick Authours; and
As Greek and Latine taught in every land.
The cringing *Monſieur* ſhall thy language vent,
When he would melt his wench with compliment;
Uſing thy phraſes he may have his wiſh
Of a coy Nun, without an angry piſh:
And yet in all thy Poems there is ſhowne
Such chaſtity, that every lin's a zone.
Rome will confeſſe, that thou mak'ſt *Cæſar* talk
In greater ſtate and pomp than he could walk:
Catalines tongue is the true edge of ſwords,
We now not onely feel, but hear thy words;

Who

Who *Tully* in thy Idiom underſtands,
Will ſwear that his Orations are commands:
But that which could with richer language dreſſe
The higheſt ſenſe, cannot thy words expreſſe.
Had I thy own invention, which affords
Words above action, matter above words,
To crown thy merits, I ſhould onely be
Sumptuouſly poor, low in Hyperbole.

On Ben. Johnſon.

WHo firſt reform'd our ſtage with juſteſt Laws,
And was the firſt beſt Judge in his own cauſe
Who (when his actors trembled for applauſe)

Could (with a noble confidence) prefer
His own, by right, t'a noble Theater;
From principles which he knew could not erre.

Who to his fable did his perſon fit,
With all the properties of Art and wit,
And above all that could be acted writ.

Who publike follies did to covert drive,
Which he again could cunningly retrive,
Leaving them no ground to reſt on and thrive.

Here

Here *Johnſon* lies, whom had I nam'd before,
In that one word alone I had paid more,
Than can be now, when plenty makes me poore.

To his Miſtreſſe.

COme (deareſt *Julia*) thou and I
Will knit us in to ſtrict a tie,
As ſhall with greater power ingage,
Than feeble charms of marriage;
We will be friends, our thoughts ſhall go,
Without impeachment, to and fro;
The ſame deſires ſhall elevate
Our mingled ſouls, the ſelf-ſame hate
Shall cauſe averſion, we will bear
One ſympathizing hope and fear;
And for to move more cloſe, wee'll frame
Our triumphs and our tears the ſame:
Yet will we ne're ſo groſſely dare,
As our ignobler ſelves to ſhare;
Let men deſire like thoſe above,
Spirituall forms wee'll onely love;
And teach the ruder world to ſhame,
When heat encreaſeth to a flame:
Love's like a Landskip, which doth ſtand
Smooth at a diſtance, rough at hand.

In

In Nuptias Principis Auranchii & D. Mariæ filiæ Regis Angliæ.

FAma Refert noſtris terras haſiſſe batâvas,
Atque unum quondam gentibus eſſe ſolum;
Oceanumque, duas qui nunc interluit oras,
Fluctibus haud ſemper diſſecuiſſe ſuis.
Migrat in hiſtoriam, fuerat quæ fabula, tadis,
Oceanuſque tuo jam tandem pulſus amore eſt;
Et cedunt flammis, pontus & unda tuis;
Dùm populus populi procus eſt, paſſuſque ſagittas
Nubentis ſimili principis igne calet.
Et tua dùm noſtrus ſociant ſponſalia dextras;
Connubii tandem fœdera nomen habent.
Non ſponſam, Fateor, paribus natalibus aquas,
Nec ſimiles thalamos fers, ſimileſve thoras;
Nec te tam magnis jactas è Regibus ortum,
Nec ſtirpem decorant Regna tot ampla tuam:
Haud tamen accedis minor; eſt pro ſanguine virtus,
Quodque illi Fœlix, dat tibi forte genus.
Par Sceptris Patris Gladius, tibi ſtemmata bellis
Auxit, & antiquis Regibus æqua dedit.
Par tua Regali victrix domus, hinc quoque nobis
Majorum factis Imperialis ades.

Et licet in dotem ſponſa non porrigis Indos,
Sed plures conjux ferret Iberus opes;
Gallus & in thalamos Rueret magis aureus, & te
Ex arcâ vincat Natio multa ſuâ:
Tu tamen in dotem patris clara arma miniſtrans
Ferrato in Gremium ditior Imbre ruis;
Amplior & ſors eſt Indis, adferre triumphos,
Et par poſſeſſo victus Iberus adeſt.
Cujus ad Ereptum, plus eſt quòd naſceris, Aurum,
Quam natum; Gemina eſt India capta, tua.
Perſque polo-coctum, dives, ſub utroque metallum;
Et cadit in fiſcum ſol, orieturque, tuum;
Dùm toties tibi vectat opes Hiſpania victas;
Cedit & in cenſus annua præda tuos.
Naſceris, & puerum gens ſpoliata timet.
Ætatique metus nutrit, verſatque coævos;
Atque annis fingit damna futura tuis.
Anticipatque tuos, Infantia lata, triumphos,
Dùm tenero fortis Spirat in ore Pater.
Qui ſua bella, tuo cernit, ſed mollia, vultu;
Miſceturque tuis Marte Cupido genis.
Hic gemina oppoſitis vibrantur vulnera telis,
Currit ad hæc conjux, hoſtis & illa fugit.

Upon

Upon the Marriage of the young Prince of Orange *with the Lady* Marie.

WE are no longer Iland, ſpeedily
Sement theſe hands, Prieſt; theſe our Iſthmus be,
Nor do's the Sea devide us, but's become
Our wedding Ring, Type of our Union.
Yet wedding's a too private ſtile, for this
Not a plain morral match, but a league is,
A league that ſhall incorporate theſe two
Nations, and that third which ſhall ſpring from you.
Make haſte then and prevent your years, we all
Long till we may the Belgian, Coſin call.
While thus you couple young, you ſeem to be
Eſpous'd, not by conſent, but ſympathy.
And like the Vine and Elme ſecure from ſtrife,
Imbrace as born, not as made man and wife.
And you may like the Vine too multiply,
That he, who ſhall ſumme up your progeny
May be perſwaded that you did bring forth
Not twins, but cluſters; while their Native worth
Ante-dates breeding, and your iſſues are
Each babe a ſucking Heroe, infant ſtar:

But why do I theſe needleſſe fancies vent?
Your marriage is an Act of Parliament.
The ſtate's your Prieſt: your people too, who ſee
You voted thus, thus ſign'd, think you to be
Not wedded but enacted, and do ſince
Acknowledge you are now both Law & Prince.

Another upon the ſame.

TIs vain to wiſh them joyes; nor is it meet
Verſes ſhould pray, changing to knees their feet.
This were the cry, God help you to a Saint,
Can fulneſſe fail, or glorious bodies faint?
Votes are for meaner wed-locks, where there is
Some doubt, or hazard of a laſting bliſſe;
But now ſuch labour's equally unwiſe,
As is the Prieſt's that prays for 's Deities;
Bleſſings are proper to this Union
As heat to fire, or light is to the Sun,
Not is't a wonder, for the Prince did wooe
Not birth, age, beauty, but religion too:
Here faith and reaſon Courts, this match doth prove
Wiſdom in youth, and policy in love.
Some Bridegrooms (like the days) all Nations try
And cheapen every toy before they buy.

When

When one is onely worthy, and worth all
Thoſe that were rivals for the golden ball,
He could not look on more, without offence,
A thirſt of choice had thwarted providence.
The Theban hearth could not devide theſe flam's
Which burnt through all the Seas, 'twixt Rhene and Thames.
Nor were their hearts link'd by the painters hand,
Or Legates voice, ſuch bonds are ropes of ſand;
They their own Councel, happier ſteps have trod,
Who not ſalute the image, but the God,
Should he have had a ſpeaker, who (though young)
Carries an ordred babel in his tongue?
Or ſhould her beauty in faint colours lie,
When ther's no Tablet worthy but his eye?
This Sun and Moon may ſafely joyn their lips,
Who by their nearneſſe baniſh all Eclips.
Their flames and flow'rs (ſtol'n kiſſes like) do make
Equal amends, and at once give and take.
Here are ſuch emulous beauties, that ſome do
Think them united in one body too.
So that our eyes ſee double; as a face,
Though ſingle in the fleſh, is two i'th glaſſe,
And 't muſt be ſo; unleſſe that's now confeſs'd,
Which once was ſolœciſme, that both are beſt,
And each is all; which large perfections are

Beyond our hopes and faiths, as well as prayer.
Thus then, here's nothing wanting, yet we may,
Although not for them, to them humbly pray.
Grant then Illuſtrious Prince (for we do vow
To know no Nuptial Deity but you)
Grant us our boon, although your abler parts
Make this a truer marriage of the Arts;
Yet throw your *Euclid* by, and onely look
To th' propoſitions of your living book,
And you'l conclude truth doth more clearly lie
There then i'th maxims of Philoſophy.
Meaſure o're all her limbs, and you will ſee
No ſuch proportions in Geometry,
Inſtead of heavens rude Globes, ſurvey her eyes,
There lurks no Snake, or Scorpion in thoſe skies.
You'l there find richer ſphears, & bluſhing tell
How in thoſe points Angels, like you, do dwell.
Since ſhe to day made you a number, try
Part of one Art alone to multiply.
Think of no Tacticks, but of thoſe which are
Read in the Martiald orders of her hair.
Though you with victory have Armies led,
'Twas not ſo great a triumph as to wed,
Such fetters will increaſe your liberty;
Count not theſe bonds amongſt your Armory.

Thus

Thus Priſons prove ſtrong Forts, and foes are ſlain
The ſecond time, now by a captive chain.

And you (moſt gracious Lady, who alone
Are all the Goddeſſes we call upon)
Weare not too many Pearls, unleſſe it be
Upon a day of ſad humility.
When you keep Masks, or celebrate a feaſt,
If you'd be rich, or glorious, come undreſt.
Gems do but hide ſparks of a brighter hew,
Thoſe that are Stars to ſome are Clouds to you;
Think of no Jewel, but the Union,
That which the Prieſt not Ladies did put on,
And then you'l finde true luſtre; eyes are dim,
And weary with the light, but not of him
When you have made his Arms your ſeat, bee't known
'Tis to debaſe your ſelf, to ſit i'th' Throne.

An Epitaph on Ben. Johnſon.

THe Muſes faireſt light in no dark time,
The wonder of a learned age; the line
Which none can paſſe; the moſt proportion'd wit
To nature, the beſt Judge of what was fit,
The deepeſt, plaineſt, higheſt, cleareſt pen;
The voyce moſt Eccho'd by conſenting men;

The Soul, which answer'd best to all well said
By others, and which most requital made,
Tun'd to the highest key of ancient *Rome*,
Returning all her Musick with his own,
In whom with nature study claim'd a part,
Yet who unto himself ow'd all this Art:
Here lies *Ben. Johnson*, every age will look k,
With sorrow here, with wonder on his boo

On one that was deprived of his Testicles.

THou Neuter Gendet! whom a Gown
Can make a woman, Breeches none:
Created one thing, made another,
Not a sister, scarce a brother:
Jack of both sides, that may bear,
Or a distaff, or a spear,
If thy fortune thither call,
Be the Grand Signiors General:
Or if thou fancie not that trade,
Turn th' Sultana's Chamber-maid;
A Medal where grim Mars turn'd right,
Proves a smiling Aphrodite;
How doth nature quible, either
He, or she, boy, girle, or neither;
Thou may'st serve great Jove instead
Of Hebe both and Ganymed,

A face

A face both ſtern and mild, cheeks bare
That ſtill do onely promiſe hair,
Old Cybele the firſt in all
This humane predicamental ſcale,
Why would ſhe chuſe her Prieſts to be
Such Individuums as ye?
Such Inſecta's, added on
To creatures by ſubſtraction,
In whom nature claims no part,
Ye onely being words of Art.

To his Miſtreſſe.

WHat myſtery is this? that I ſhould finde
My bloud, in kiſſing you to ſtay behinde;
'Twas not for want of colour that requir'd
My bloud for paint: no die could be deſir'd
On that fair cheek, where ſcarlet were a ſpot,
And where the juyce of Lillies but a blot:
If at the preſence of the murtherer,
The wound will bleed, & tell the cauſe is there,
A touch will do much more, even ſo my heart,
When ſecretly it felt your killing dart,
Shewed it in bloud, which yet doth more complain,
Becauſe it cannot be ſo toucht again,
This wounded heart, to ſhew its love moſt true,
Sent forth a drop, and wrot its minde on you,
Was ever paper half ſo white as this?
Or Wax ſo yielding to the printed kiſſe?

Or

Or ſeal ſo ſtrong ? no letter e're was writ,
That could the Authors minde ſo truly fit ;
For though my ſelf to forrain countries fly,
My blood deſires to keep you company ;
Here I could ſpill it all, thus I can free
My enemy from blood, though ſlain I be ;
But ſlain I cannot be, nor meet with ill,
Since, but to you, I have no blood to ſpill.

The Puritan.

With face and faſhion to be known,
For one of ſure election,
With eyes all white, and many a grone,
With neck aſide to draw in tone,
With harp in's noſe, or he is none.
See a new Teacher of the town,
O the town, O the towns new Teacher.

With pate cut ſhorter than the brow,
With little ruff ſtarch'd you know how,
With cloake like *Paul*, no cape I trow,
With Surplice none ; but lately now,
With hands to thump, no knees to bow.
See a new Teacher, &c.

With coz'ning cough, and hollow cheek,
To get new gatherings every week,

With

With paltry change of *and* to *eke*,
With ſome ſmall Hebrew, and no Greek,
To finde out words, when ſtuffe's to ſeek.
See a new Teacher, &c.

With ſhop-board breeding, and intruſion,
With ſome Outlandiſh Inſtitution,
With *Urſines* Catechiſm to muſe on,
With *Syſtems* method for confuſion,
VVith grounds ſtrong laid of meer illuſion.
See a new Teacher, &c.

VVith Rites indifferent all damned,
And made unlawfull, if commanded,
Good works of Popery down banded,
And Morall Laws from him eſtranged,
Except the Sabbath ſtill unchanged.
See a new Teacher, &c.

VVith ſpeech unthought, quick revelation,
VVith boldneſs in predeſtination,
VVith threats of abſolute damnation,
Yet *yea* and *nay* hath ſome ſalvation,
For his own Tribe, not every Nation.
See a new Teacher, &c.

VVith after licence coſt a crown,
VVhen Biſhop new had put him down,
VVith tricks call'd repetition,
And doctrine newly brought to town,

Of

Of teaching men to hang and drown.
See a new Teacher, &c.

With fleſh-proviſion to keep Lent,
With ſhelves of ſweet-meats often ſpent,
Which new Maid bought, old Lady ſent;
Though to be ſav'd a poor preſent;
Yet legacies aſſure the event.
See a new Teacher, &c.

With troops expecting him at th' door,
That would hear Sermons, and no more;
With noting tools, and ſighs great ſtore,
With Bibles great to turn them o're,
While he wreſts places by the ſcore.
See a new Teacher, &c.

With running text, the nam'd forſaken,
With *For* and *But*, both by ſenſe ſhaken,
Cheap doctrines forc'd, wilde Uſes taken,
Both ſometimes one by mark miſtaken,
With any thing to any ſhapen.
See a new Teacher, &c.

With new wrought caps, againſt the Canon,
For taking cold, though ſure he have none;
A Sermons end, where he began one,
A new hour long, when's glaſs had run one,
New Uſe, new Points, new Notes to ſtand on.
See a new Teacher, &c.

The Flight.

My *Lalia* ſtay,
And run not thus like a young Roe away,
No enemy
Purſues thee (fooliſh Girl) 'tis only I,
I'll keep off harms,
If thou'lt be pleas'd to garriſon mine arms;
What, do'ſt thou fear
I'll turn a Traytour? may theſe Roſes here
To palneſs ſhread,
And Lillies ſtand diſguiſed in new red.
If that I lay
A ſnare, wherein thou wouldſt not gladly ſtay;
See, ſee the Sun,
Does ſlowly to his azure lodging run,
Come, ſit but here,
And preſently he'l quit our Hemiſphere;
So ſtill, among
Lovers, time is too ſhort, or elſe too long;
Here will we ſpin
Legends for them that have Loves martyrs bin,
Here on this plain,
Wee'l talk *Narciſſus* to a flower again:
Come here, and chooſe
On which of theſe proud plats thou would'ſt re-
Here may'ſt thou ſhame (poſe.
The ruſty violets with the crimſon flame

Of

Of either cheek,
And Primroſes, white as thy fingers ſeek,
Nay, thou may'ſt prove,
That mans moſt noble paſſion is to love.

To a Lady that wrought a ſtory of the Bible in needle-work.

COuld we judge here, moſt vertuous Madam, then
Your needle might receive praiſe from our pen;
But this our want bereaves it of that part,
Whil'ſt to admire, and thank is all our art,
The work deſerves a ſhrine: I ſhould reherſe
Its glorie in a ſtory not in Verſe,
Colours are mixed ſo ſubt'lly, that thereby
The ſtrength of Art doth take & cheat the eye,
At once a thouſand we can gaze upon,
But are deceiv'd by their tranſition,
What toucheth is the ſame, beam takes from beam
The next ſtill like, yet diff'ring in the extream,
Here runs this tract, thither we ſee that tends,
But cannot ſay, Here this, or there that ends:
Thus, while they creep inſenſibly, we doubt,
Whether the one pow'rs not the other out.

Faces

Faces ſo quick and lively, that we may
Fear, if we turn our backs, they'l ſteal away
Poſtures of grief ſo true, that we may ſwear,
Your Artfull fingers have wrought paſſion there:
View we the manger and the Babe, we thence
Beleeve the very threds have innocence,
Then on the Croſſe, ſuch love, ſuch griefe we finde,
As 'twere the tranſcript of our Saviours minde,
Each parcell ſo expreſſive, each ſo fit,
That the whole ſeems not ſo much wrought, as writ:
'Tis ſacred Text all, we may quote, and thence,
Extract what may be paſs'd in our defence;
Bleſt mother of the Church, be in the liſt
Reaſon'd with four, a ſhe Evangeliſt,
Nor can the ſtile be prophanation, when
The needle may convert more than the pen,
When faith may come by ſeeing, and each leaſe,
Rightly perus'd, prove Goſpel to the deafe:
Had not that *Helen* haply found the Croſſe,
By this your work you had repair'd that loſſe.
Tell me not of *Penelope*, we do
See a web here more chaſte and ſacred too.
Where are ye now, O women, ye that ſow
Temptations, lab'ring to expreſs the bow

Of the blinde Archer, ye that rarely ſet,
To pleaſe your Loves, a *Venus* in a net,
Turn your skill hither, then we ſhall, no doubt,
See the Kings daughter glorious too without;
Women ſow'd onely fig-leaves hitherto.
Eves nakedneſs is onely cloath'd by you.

To the King.

THe Prince hath now an equall, and may ſee
A fellow to his ſports, as great as he:
Nor need he leſſen birth, or fall from ſtate,
Or be depos'd to an Aſſociate;
Or elſe to fit companions to his play,
Need lay your Scepter or your Crown away.
And now you may behold, Sir, by your ſide,
Your Royall Self grown more, and multipl'd,
And thoſe paſt years, before and ſince your Raigne,
May in your Children ſee liv'd o're again;
Who are your Emblemes; and though none be free
From fate, yet you in them immortall be:
And whil'ſt we may preſerve you living thus,
When e're you die, you not depart from us:
Your ſons will keep moſt of you from the grave,
So, though we change, we no new King ſhall have:

You

You onely will be varied; as a grain
Loſt in a Harveſt; more returns again.
And though perchance we cannot ſay, like thoſe,
Who are Heirs to their fathers eyes, or noſe,
Report his look, and are ſo juſtly fac'd
Like him, as if they were not born, but caſt,
That all theſe ſigns we in the Princes finde,
Yet ſure there is more likeneſſe in their minde,
Which you conveyed them through their mother, who
Even thus did travel with your vertues too,
Which to deſcend to our dull ſence and earth,
Come to us in their ſhapes, and ſuffer birth.
And be your off-ſpring, who when Chronicle
Is all we have, and Annals onely tell
Your deeds and actions, and when men ſhall look
And ſee the Prince and Duke do all the book,
And live your Royal ſtory, and that all
Which you did well, was but prophetical,
Will not be thought as your poſterity,
But you in them will your Succeſſor be.

To the Queen, upon the birth of her first Daughter.

AFter the Princes birth, admired Queen,
Had you prov'd barren, you had fruitfull been;
And in one Heir born to his fathers place
And royal minde had brought us forth a race.
But we, who thought we wisht enough to see
A Prince of *Wales*, have now a progenie:
And you being perfect now have learn't the way
To be with Childe as oft as we can pray.
So that henceforth, we need no alters vex
With empty vows, being heard in either Sex:
Nor have we all our Kingdoms incense try'd
So many years onely to be deny'd.
We no desires, but thankfull off'rings bring,
That bearing many you prefer the King,
And to us yet have but one daughter shown;
Who else had been the Original alone.
Without a Copy: for the shapes we see
In tables of you but bright errours be.
Nor could we hope Art could beget an Heir
To that sweet forme, unlesse your selfe did bear
Your Portraiture, and in a daughter shew
That of your self, which yet no Painter drew,

Who

Who with his ſubtil hand and wiſeſt skill
Hath hitherto but ſtriv'd to draw you ill;
And when he takes his Pencil from your look,
Find's colours make you but a piece miſtook,
And ſo paints treaſon, nor would have pretence
To ſcape, but that he limmes a fair pretence:
But in the Princeſſe you are writ ſo plain
And true, that in her you were born again.
And when we ſee you both together plac'd,
You are your daughter, onely grown in haſte.
In both we may the ſelf-ſame graces ſee,
But that they yet in her but Infant be,
Not woman beauties, nor will we diſpaire
The Prince and Duke of *York* have equal ſhare
In your perfections, which, though they divide,
Make them both Prince enough by th' mothers ſide.
Whoſe compoſition is ſo clear and good,
That we can ſee diſcourſes in your bloud,
And underſtand your body, ſo refin'd
That of you might be born a Soul, or mind.
O may you ſtill be fruitfull, and begin
Henceforth to make our year by lying in.
May we have ſtore of Princes, and they live
Till Heraulds doubt what Titles they ſhould give.
To this, may you be young ſtill, and no other
Signes of more age found in you, but a mother.

Upon one that preach't in a Cloak.

SAw you the Cloak at Church to day,
The long worne ſhort Cloak lin'd with Say?
What had the man no Gown to wear?
Or was this ſent him from the Mayor?
Or is't the Cloak which Nixon brought
To trim the Tub, where Golledge taught?
Or can this beſt conceal his lips,
And ſhew Communion-ſitting hips?
Or was the Cloak St. *Paul's*; if ſo,
With it he found the Parchments too;
Yes, verily, for he hath been
With mine Hoſt Gajus, at the new Inne;
A Gown (God bleſſe us) trailes oth' floor,
Like th' Petticoat oth' Scarlet whore,
Whoſe large ſtiffe pleats, he dare confide,
Are ribs from Antichriſts own ſide;
A mourning cope if it look to th' Eaſt,
Is the black ſurplice of the beaſt.

On the May Pole.

THe mighty zeal which thou haſt late put on,
Neither by Prophet nor by Prophets ſon
As yet prevented, doth tranſport me ſo
Beyond my ſelf, that though I ne're could go
Far in a Verſe, and have all times defi'd,
Since *Hopkins* and good *Thomas Sternhold* di'd;
Except it were the little pains I took,
To pleaſe good people in a Prayer book:
That I ſet forth, or ſo yet muſt I raiſe
My ſpirits for thee, vvho ſhall in thy praiſe
Gird up her loyns, and furiouſly run
All kinde of ſeete, but Satans cloven one.
Such is thy zeal, ſo vvell thou doſt expreſſe it,
That vver't not like a Charme I 'd ſayd, God bleſſe it.
I needs muſt ſay it is a ſpiritual thing
To raile againſt the Biſhop and the King:

But these are private quarrels, this doth fall
Within the compasse of the General;
Whether it be a pole painted, or wrought
Farre otherwise then from the vvood 't was brought,
VVhose head the Idol makers hand doth crop,
VVhere a prophane birde towring on the top,
Looks like the Calfe in *Horeb*, at vvhose root
The unyoakt youth doth exercise his foot,
Or vvhether it preserves its boughs befriended
By neighbouring bushes, and by them attended.
How canst thou chuse but seeing it, complain
That *Baal's* worship'd in the groves again?
Tell me how curst an egging with a sting
Of lust do these unwily dances bring:
The simple wretches say they mean no harm,
They do'nt indeed, but yet these actions warm
Our purer bloud the more: for Satan thus
Tempts us the more that are more righteous,
Oft hath a brother most sincerely gone
Stifled with zeal and contemplation,

Where

VVhere lighting on the place where ſuch repaire
He views the Nymph, and is clean out in's prayer.
Oft hath a ſiſter grounded in a truth,
Seeing the jolly carriage of the youth,
Beene tempted to the vvay that's broad and bad,
And were't not for our private pleaſures, had
Renounc'd her little ruffe and goggle eye,
And quit her ſelf of the fraternity.
What is the mirth? what is the melody
That ſets them in this Gentiles vanity?
When in our Sinagogues we raile at ſin,
And tell men of the faults that they are in.
With hand and voice ſo following our Theams,
That we put out the ſides-men in theire dreams,
Sounds not the Pulpit then which we belabour
Better, and holier then doth a Tabor;
Yet ſuch is unregenerate mans folly,
He loves the wicked noiſe and hates the holy;
If the ſins ſweet enticing and the bloud,
VVhich now begins to boyl have thought it good
To challenge liberty and recreation;
Let it be done in holy contemplation;

Brother and ſiſter in the field may walk,
Beginning of the holy word to talk;
Of *David* and *Uriahs* lovely wife,
Of *Thamar* and her luſtfull brothers ſtriſe,
Then underneath the hedge that is the next,
They may ſit downe and ſo act out the Text,
Nor do we want (how ere we live Auſtere)
In VVinter Sabbath nights ſome luſty cheare,
And though the Paſtors grace which oft doth hold
Halfe an houre long make the proviſion cold;
VVee can bee merry, thinking nee're the worſe,
To mend the matter at the ſecond courſe,
Chapters are read, and Hymnes are ſweetly ſung,
Joyntly commanded by the noſe and tongue;
Then on the word we diverſly dilate,
VVrangling indeed for heat of zeale not hate,
VVhen at the length an unappeaſed doubt
Fiercely comes in, and then the lights goe out;
Darkneſſe thus makes our peace, and we contain
Our fiery ſpirits till we meet again:

Till

Till then no voice is heard, no tongue do's go,
Unleſſe a tender ſiſter ſhreek, or ſo.
Such ſhould be our delights, grave and demure,
Not ſo abominable and impure
As thoſe thou ſeek'ſt to hinder, but I fear
Satan vvill be too ſtrong, his Kingdom's there,
Few are the righteous, nor do I know
How we this Idol here ſhall overthrow,
Since our ſincereſt Patron is deceas't,
The number of the righteous is decreas't;
But wee do hope theſe times will on, and breed
A faction mighty for us, for indeed
VVe labour all, and every ſiſter joyns
To have regenerate babes ſpring from our loyns,
Beſides, what many carefully have done,
To get the unrighteous man a righteous ſon.
Then ſtoutly on, let not thy flocks range lewdly
In their old vanities, thou Lampe of beaudly,
One thing I pray thee, doe not ſo much thirſt
After Idolatries laſt fall, but firſt

Follow

Follow thy ſuit more cloſe, let it not go,
Till it be thine as thou would'ſt have't, for ſo
Thy ſucceſſours upon the ſame entaile,
Hereafter may take up the Whitſun Ale.

To the Queen.

Moſt gracious Queen

IF Poets could be born as oft as you
Bring Princes forth, ſomething might then be new.
Th' Alembecks of the vvombe and brain run croſſe
Elixar's, they't more common then our droſſe.
Your faire and beautifull ſoyl pure Manna breeds,
When our dull mud is barren too in weeds.
Though then you here finde nothing freſh but names,
This Verſe being writ for *Charles*, and that for *James*:
Yet may they now (like ſacred Reliques) be
Lov'd and imbrac'd for their Antiquity,
Your former teeming taught the coſtive earth,
And barren wives the faſhion of a birth;

But

But now (as if your wiſe fertilitie,
An Extract were of all State-policie)
You give example unto men, and teach
Loyalty more than our Divines can reach.
You that do practiſe baſe exactions, and
Rail at the needfull taxes of our Land,
Thinking your money better ſpent upon
A coach, a feaſt, or ſome new faſhion,
Of devout Rebels, the Nonſhips which be
Wals that impriſon us to libertie,
Like thoſe Athenian Grandees, who to ſee
The coſtly madneſs of one Tragedie,
Could ſcatter large ſupplies, although 'twas known,
This want made them Spectatours of their own.
Learn homage now from Majeſty, the Queen
Her ſelf hath here the beſt of Subjects been;
She payes large tribute, that it may appear,
Safety, like Heaven, is never bought too dear.
I've read of Romane matrons, who did drown
Their richeſt jewels, to preſerve their Town;
Stopping the gulph with pearls, which grac'd their ears;
They rather chuſe no ornaments than fears.
And thoſe brave Dames of Carthage were content,
To ſhave their dangling treſſes, which they lent
For cordage then, and glori'd they could ſee
What once was pride, turn'd now to Subſidie:

Baldneſs

Baldneſſe was beauty there, nor did they care,
So they could bend their bows, to loſe their hair
But you (great Queen) contrive your Countries good,
Not from your locks expence, but from your blood.
Each parcell of the Duke, bright as his eyes,
Proves you give jewels of a wealthier priſe;
Who, for a generall ſafety, wiſh to be
Bleſt with the pangs of your high agonie,
Whil'ſt the dull lees of man ſcarce daigne to give
Poor common ſervice, that themſelves may live;

Upon Tom *of Chriſt-Church.*

THou that by ruine do'ſt repair,
And by deſtruction art a Founder:
Whoſe Art doth tell us what men are,
Who by corruption ſhall riſe ſounder:
In this fierce fires intenſive heat,
Remember this is *Tom* the great.

And *Cyclops* think at every ſtroke,
Which with thy ſledge his ſide ſhall wound,
That then ſome ſtature thou haſt broke,
Which long depended on his ſound;
And that our Colledge-gates did crie,
They were not ſhut ſince *Tom* did die.

Think

Think what a ſcourge 'tis to the City,
To drink and ſwear by Carfax bell,
Which bellowing without tune, or pity,
The nights and dayes divides not well;
But the poor Tradeſ-man muſt give o're
His Ale at eight, or ſit till foure.

We all in haſte drink off our wine,
As if we never ſhould drink more;
So that the reck'ning after nine
Is larger now than that before.
Releaſe this tongue, which erſt could ſay,
Home Scholars; Drawer, what's to pay?

So thou of order ſhalt be Founder,
Making a Ruler for the people,
One that ſhalt ring thy praiſes wonder,
Than t'other ſix bells in the ſteeple:
Wherefore think, when *Tom* is running,
Our manners wait upon thy cunning.

Then let him raiſed be from ground,
The ſame in number, weight, and ſound,
So may thy conſcience rule thy gain,
Or would thy theft might be thy bane.

On a Burning-glaſſe.

STrange Chymiſtry! Can duſt and ſand produce
So pure a body, and diaphanous?
Strange kinde of courtſhip! that the amorous Sun,
T'embrace a Min'rall, twiſts his rayes in one;
Talk of the Heavens mockt, by a Sphear, alas,
The Sun it ſelfes's here in a piece of glaſs:
Let Magnets drag baſe iron, this alone
Can to her icie boſom win the Sun;
Witches may cheat us of his light a while,
But this can him even of himſelfe beguile:
In Heaven he ſtaggers to both Tropicks, here
He keeps fixt reſidence all times of th' year,
Here's a perpetuall Solſtice, here he lies,
Not on a bed of water, but of ice;
How well by this himſelf abridge, he might
Redeem the Scythians from their ling'ring night.
How well by this glaſſe Proxey might he roule
Beyond the Ecliptick, and warme either Pole;
Had but *Prometheus* been ſo wiſe, h' had ne're
Scal'd Heaven to light his torch, but lighted here.

Had

Had *Archimedes* once but known this uſe,
H' had burnt *Marcellus* from proud Syracuſe;
Had *Veſta's* Maids of honour this but ſeen,
Their Ladies fire had ne're extinguiſht been;
Hels Engines might have finiſht their de-
ſigne
Of powder (but that Heaven did countermine)
Had they but thought of this; th' Egyptians
may
Wel hatch their eggs without the midwife clay;
Why do not puling Lovers this deviſe,
For a fit Embleme of their Miſtreſs eyes?
They call them Diamonds, and ſay th' have bin
Reduc'd, by them, to aſhes, all within;
But they'l aſſume't, and ever hence 'twill paſs,
A Miſtreſs eye is but Loves Burning-glaſs.

Upon Sheriffe Sandbourn.

FIe, Scholars, fie, have you ſuch thirſty ſouls,
To ſwil, quaff, & carouſe in *Sandbourns* bouls?
Tell me, mad youngſters, what do you beleeve,
It coſt good *Sandbourn* nothing to be Shreife,
To ſpend ſo many Beeves, ſo many weathers,
Maintaining ſo many caps, ſo many feathers?
Again, is mault ſo cheap, this pinching yeer,
That you ſhould make ſuch havock of his beer?
I hear you are ſo many, that you make
Moſt of his men turn Tapſters, for your ſake;

And

And that when he, even on the Bench doth ſit,
You ſnatch the meat from off the hungry ſpit;
You keep ſuch hurly-burly, that it paſſes,
Ingurgitating ſometimes whole half glaſſes,
And ſome of you (forſooth) are grown ſo fine,
Or elſe ſo ſaucie, as to call for wine;
As if the Sheriffe had put ſuch men in truſt,
As durſt draw out more wine than needs they
muſt:
In faith, in faith, it is not well, my Maſters,
Nor fit, that you ſhould be the Sheriffs taſters;
It were enough, you being ſuch Gurmundiſers,
To make the Sheriffs, henceforth, turn arrant
Miſers;
Remove th' Aſſiſe, to Oxfords foul diſgrace,
To Henly on the Thames, or ſome ſuch place;
He never had complained, had it been
A petty Firkin, or a Kilderkin:
But when a Barrell daily is drawn out,
My Maſters, then it's time to look about.
Is this a lie, trow ye? I tell you, No,
My Lord high Chancellor was informed ſo.
And oh! what would all the bread in town
Suffice, to drink the Sheriffs liquor down?
But he in Hampers muſt it from hence bring,
Oh moſt prodigious, & moſt monſtrous thing!
Upon ſo many loaves of home-made bread,
How long might he and his two men have fed?
He would, no doubt, the poor they ſhould be fed
With the ſweet morſels of his broken bread:

But

But when that they poor Souls for bread did call,
Anſwer was made, the Schollars eat up all.
And when for broken Beere they crav'd a cup,
Anſwer was made, the Schollars drunke it up;
And thus, I know not how they chang'd the name,
But did the deed, and Longtail bore the blame.

Not to Travel.

WHat need I Travel, ſince I may
More choicer wonders here ſurvey;
What need I *Tyre* for purple ſeek,
When I may finde it in a cheek?
Or ſack the Eaſtern ſhores, there lies
More precious Diamonds in her eyes?
What need I dig *Peru* for Oare,
When every hair of hers yields more?
Or toyl for *Gummes* in India,
Since ſhe can breath more rich then they?
Or *Ranſack* Africk, there will be
On either hand more Ivory?
But look within all vertues that
Each Nation would appropriate,

And with the glory of them rest,
Are in this Map at large expreſt;
That, who would Travel here might know
The little World in folio.

Jo: Cleveland

HIS

ORATIONS

AND

EPISTLES,

On Eminent Occasions,

In Latin.

English't by E. W.

Printed for *Nath. Brook*, at the Angel in *Corn-hill*. 1659.

Oratio coram Rege, & Principe *Carolo* in Collegio *Joannensi Cantab.* habita. 1642.

Auguſtiſſime Regum, Archetype *Carole.*

Quæ nupero dolore obriguit Academia, tanquam orbata Niobes ſoror Saxea, ſi in priſtinam facundiam reſolvatur hodie, agnoſcit omen veſtræ præſentiæ. Memnonis ſtatua ſolaribus percuſſa Radiis, vocalem Muſicam edidiſſe fertur: Habent vel hi parietes Chordas Magicas, quas minima vultus veſtri ſtrictura quaſi plectro animabit. Nec magis eloquuntur lapides, quam è Diametro miraculi ſtupent Oratores: Quod in afflatis numine fieri videmus, ita Deum recipere ut ejiciant Hominem, inſtinctu ſapere non intellectu, perindè veſtra in nobis Hoſpitatur Divinitas, cujus nimius ſplendor, omnes omnium, ſenſus ſacrificat, & tam ſanctam noſtri jacturam in lucro deputamus. Ignoſcimus jam fatis immodeſtiam ſuam, Imminens literarum exitium ut favoris inſidias gratulamur, ſcil. ambitioſè moriuntur Muſæ quæ ad veſtros pedes efflabunt vale. Luſit Archimedes cœlos in

sphærâ: quid ni dicam Jovem in Carolo fabricatum? Adeò ut Orator Ille, Quī manu deorsum flexâ, O Cœlum! exclamavit, si istum in modum perorâsset Hodie, solœcismum manu non commisisset: Enimverò, cum Regem Optimum Maximum & Principem simul astantes videam, nescio quo modo Principis Natalis videantur Redux, ubi solem & stellam, fulgentes à symbolis, (licèt non aquis Radiis) conspicati sumus. Cæsare mortuo novum in cœlis emicuit sydus, quod Julii Anima passim audiit: Cæsaris Epilogus fuit Prologus Caroli: Neque enim aptior stella, quam Invictissima illius Herois Anima, qua vestræ soboli res gerendas ominaretur: Stellam dixi? mutò factum: Crederem potius ipsum solem fuisse qui tunc temporis delegavit Tibi moderamen Diei, & ut Principis cunas fortius videret, sunum in stellam contraxit Oculum: Ecce ut Patrissat Carolus! ut ad vestras virtutes anhelus surgit! Quod sub pientissimo Rege accidisse legimus, solem multis gradibus retrò ferri Principis atas pari portento compensavit damnum, cujus festina virtus Devorat Horologium, & pueritiâ vix dum libatâ meridiem attigit. Parcatur mihi si turgeat Oratio, si nihil præter solem, & stellas crepet: quippè in Principis natali ipsa natura mihi præivit Allegoriam. O fœlicem interim Academiam, & æternitatem quandam natam, quæ in Rege, & Principe, & Esse nostrum, & nostrum Fore, simul complectitur! Non est quod plura expectentur sæcula, vixi-

viximus & nostram, & posterorum vitam. Sed vereor ne molestus fuerim importuno officio, quod in tam illustri præsentiâ, in nescio quid majus piaculo excreſcit: Minima coram Rege errata, tunquam angustiores Rima extenduntur lumine: Oratio itaque nostra pro genio temporum Reformabitur, quod tantundem est, Rescindetur. Hoc unicum præfabor votum, Vivas, Augustissime, Pietas Tuorum, & Tremor Hostium. Vivas vel in Hoc declivio stator literarum: vivas denique eum indutus gloriam, ut Filium tuum Carolum appellemus Maximum, quia solo Patre Minorem.

Dixi

Cantabrig.

Jo. Cleev'land, Joann.

An Oration delivered before the King and Prince *Charles*, in St. *John's* Colledge at *Cambridge*, 1642.

Charles *moſt Auguſt of Kings, and you, Great Britains hope, Illuſtrious* Charles.

THis Academy, whom but even now equally Marble with the widdowed *Niobe*, grief congeal'd into a ſenceleſſe ſtatue, if this day ſhe be reſtor'd to her wonted ſmiles, 'tis to you, Great Princes, and to your Auſpicious preſence, that ſhe muſt owe this happy change. The ſtatue of *Memnon* darted upon by the Sun's royal beams is reported by the ancients to have utter'd a vocal harmony, nor is it leſſe true, that even theſe walls have now their charming chords, from which as with a Plectre, or Quill, the leaſt glance of your countenance hath powr to call forth a moſt melodious Sound, & by a ſtrange contrariety of miracle, at the ſame time the ſtones ſpeak, and the Oratours are ſtruck dumb with admiration. It happens in thoſe

thoſe, who are actuated with Divine impulſe that they ſo receive *God* as to caſt off *Man*, and that they underſtand rather by heavenly inſtinct then by humane reaſon, in like manner your Divinity hath taken up its habitation in us, and with its over-powerfull ſplendour ſacrificed all our ſences, and yet we account it a gain to have ſo glorioufly loſt our ſelves. We now pardon the fates their immodeſty, and congratulate the imminent diſſolution of Letters as a favourable ſurpriſe, for indeed the Muſes muſt needs be ambitious to die, if at your Royal feet they may be admitted to breath their laſt: *Archimedes* ſportively imitated the Heavens in a Globe, what hinders, but that I may affirm *Jove* to be lively ſet forth in *Charles*; ſo that he, who pointing to the earth cried out! O Heavens, if at this preſent he had ſo declaim'd, he had not committed a ſolœciſme with his hand, for ſince I behold the beſt and greateſt of Kings and Princes in place together, me thinkes the Princes birth-day ſeems to be brought back to this preſent time in which we ſee the Sun and Starre ſhining in conjunction, though not with equal rayes, when *Cæſar* died there appeared a new Starre in Heaven, which was generally called the Soul of *Julius*; the Epilogue of *Cæſar* hath been *Charles* his prologue, for what Starre was fit-

ter

ter to portend the great things to be done by your off-spring (mighty King) then the Soul of that most invincible *Heroe*. Starre did I say? pardon me, great Sir, I should rather believe that it was the Sun himself, who at that time resign'd unto your hands the goverment of the day; and, that he might the more intently observe the Prince's Illustrious Cradle he contracted his universal eye into a Starre; Behold how *Charles* begins already *Patrissare*, and with what haste and eagre pursuit he soares up to his fathers virtues, that which we read to have hapned of old, under the most pious King of *Juda*, that the Sun went back many degrees, is now in *Charles* his dayes recompens't by no lesse a wonder; nor was the course of time then so much retarded as his forward virtues have now hastned it and brought it on, since in the very dawn of his youth, he hath attained unto the noon of perfection. Pardon me if my Oration swell and sound nothing but Sun and Stars, since in the Prince's Nativity nature hath anticipated my allegory; Oh happy Academy, in the mean time, and invested with a kinde of eternity, as comprehending at the same time in King and Prince, both our *Present* and our *Future*; what need we expect the ages to come, having lived our own life, and that of posterity together: But I fear least by an officious

officious zeal, I have been too tediously troublesome, which in so illustrious a presence, may soon grow up to a crime beyond expiation. The least absurdities committed before a King, are like chinks which though never so narrow, are discovered and inlarg'd by the light that passeth through them; our Oration therefore is to be corrected according to the genius of the times, and that which is superfluous to be lop't off; One prayer alone remains to usher in the close. Live, most *August*, the desire and welfare of your own and the terrour of your enemies, Live, even in this descent of your age, the stay, and prop of learning: Lastly, live adorn'd with so much glory, that the Prince your Son may acquire the name of *Charles* the Greatest, as being lesse then his Father onely.

John Cleaveland.

Ejusd.

Ejuſd. Epiſtola ad Epiſcop. *Lincolnenſem*, cùm factus eſſet Archiepiſcopus Eboracenſis.

USque, & uſque quod gratulamur; Si moleſti ſumus, utinam indies ſuccreſceret peccandi materia. Pietas officii non metuit Cramben, ſed veſtri honoris æmula indignatur Non-ultrà. Quin placeat igitur noſtris in literis rumniare fortunas Tuas, & prolixioris calami gutture (quod Philoxenus Gruino voluit) repetere dapûm voluptatem. Neque retro tantum gaudemus, prenſamus ſinciput, & in futurum gratulamur: providè factum, & tempeſtivè; eo enim pergat virtus veſtra, ut ſi paulum promoveat, humanos limites ſupergreſſus, eris ineffabilis. At luxat nobis animos Divinus horror, quum ſacra facturis eminus, & ſplendor veſter & ſublimitas obſervantur. Nutat Religio quæ veneratur ſolem, & Tremor Luminum fatetur Deum: eadem eſt noſtra oculorum conſcientia, qui Radios veſtros non ſinè Ocular; crepuſculo ſuſtinemus. Nec minus ſublimitatem veſtram luimus; ſiquidem ſacrificantium Zelus, (tanquam flamma ſacrificii) quò magis aſcendit, eò magis trepidat. Clementia veſtra diſputat cum magnitudine, & hâc amiciſſima lite (quaſi totius Naturæ Puerperium)

rium) officium nostrum est oriundum. Ignoscimus fatis immodestiam suam, quicquid adversi contigit, ut favoris insidias amplectimur: sic recurrere videbantur Fortunæ tuæ, ut fortius prosilirent. Comprobavit exitus ingenium commenti: Militans Ecclesia jam triumphat & fluctuans (ut olim Arca) tandem in montibus acquiescit. Non amplius Collegium Mater Lanas lacerat, nec facie sua computat miserias. Musæ, quas vivere fuit Hyperbole, nunc audent vigere: Quippe altitudo vestra ut Niliaca Ægypti fertilitatem literarum ominatur. Enimverò cùm Astra sunt felicitatis nostræ Condi-promi, quid est quod a superis non expectemus; Patrono in hoc syderum vicinia collocato. Orandus igitur es (Archi-Præsul dignissimè) ut ambitionem nostram serò sisteres, & honores vestros subindè catenares, ut cùm supremum Fortunæ Tuæ Radium conscenderis, nec dum terminetur Clymax vestra, Cælum supereſt Dominationi.

Vestri quam Devotissimi

Cantabrigiæ.

J. Cleev'land.

An

An Epiſtle of the ſame Authour to the Biſhop of Lincolne, when he was made Arch-Biſhop of York.

IF in never giving over our congratulations we are too importunate, I wish, that every day new matter were afforded, of ſo offending; the zeale of my duty feares no check, but rather, emulous of true honour, diſdains to meet with a *Non ultra*. It is a more than ordinary ſatisfaction in frequent Letters to ruminate upon your fortunes, and (as *Philoxenus* wiſht in another ſenſe) to repeat the pleaſure of thoſe delicacies with a long-neckt quill; nor is it enough to rejoyce onely for what is paſt; but to take hold on the fore-lock, and congratulate for the future; and this certainly is a provident and ſeaſonable courſe, conſidering that your vertue moves forward ſo faſt, that within a ſhort while it will go near to tranſcend humane limits, and ſo become ineffable; but a certain divine horror unſettles our minds, when, going to offer up our reſpects, we obſerve from a far off, at once, your ſplendour and exaltedneſs. Veneration ſtaggers when it approach-

approacheth the Sun, and the trembling of our lights confeſs a Deity, ſuch is the abaſhment of them, that they cannot endure the brightneſs of your rayes without an ocular twilight, nor have we leſs awe of your exaltedneſs. For as much as the Sacrificers zeal, like the flame of the ſacrifice, by how much the more it aſcends, ſo much the more it trembles; but your clemencie diſputes with your greatneſs, and from this moſt friendly ſtrife (as if Nature were in travell) our duty is to take its birth; we pardon the Fates their incivility, and whatſoever hath happened adverſe, we embrace it as a favourable ambuſh. So your fortunes ſeem'd to recoile back, that they might ſpring forward with the greater force; the event hath made good the happineſs of invention: the Church militant now triumphs, and lately floating (as heretofore the Ark) now reſts upon the mountains, no more ſhall our Mother-Colledge card and ſpin, or diſcover her ſorrows by her dejected countenance; the Muſes, who could not be ſaid to live without an Hyperbole, have now the confidence to ſhew their excellencies; nor could it be otherwiſe, ſince your advanced ſtate (as that of Nile brought fruitfulneſs to Egypt) is a moſt happy Auſpice of the proſperity of learning: and ſo long as the ſtars are the ſtewards of your felicity, what

what is that we may not expect from the Powers above, having a Patron placed so near the stars? This onely remains, Most Reverend Arch-Bishop, to be requested, that our ambition may at length be restrain'd by some little curb put unto the full career of your Honors; so that as when you shall seem to have mounted up to the highest pinacle of your fortunes, the scale of your ascent may not yet be terminated, and besides all earthly glories, Heaven is still reserv'd the chiefest guerdon to crown your high deserts.

Yours most humbly devoted,

J. Cleaveland.

Alia ejusdem, ad Episcopum Londinensem.

CVjus laborantes partes pari animorum deliquio diu expressimus, ne graveris in ejus redivivo jubare experrecti triumphemus: Hodie enim est quod vivimus postliminio, & vindiciis Honori vestri quotquot sumus, sumus Virbii: siquidem in mœrore nostro quid aliud fuit vita nostra quam nocturna lucubratio? & in tuo Occidente

cidente supereſſe, quam in gratiis naturæ vivere? Sed ſocra res eſt: Reddidit diem redux Phoſphorus, & poſt tanta cum aſtris jurgia Collegium mater tandem fatetur Cœlos. Incaſſum tubas fatigarunt veteres, ut eccliſin redimerent. Alma Mater ſuſpiriis magis ſonoris profligavit veſtram ſc. hic fuit fœlicitatis veſtræ ſomnus, qui tantum abeſt ut illam extingueret, ut reficeret potius, & alacriorem reddat. Eccum majorem mundum tuum adexemplar compoſitum, vel ſi mavis dictum luce & tenebris diſtinctum! Si Sol in perpetuum ſplenderet, nec aram, nec myſtam haberet Perſicum: Enimvero caligantes oculi noſtri pacti ſunt inducias cum fulgore veſtro, quibus finitis ad priſtinum redit ſeipſum. Aſpicias quæ ſumus Clientum nomina, & agnoſcas radios è luminoſo tuo corpore diffuſos, nihil enim de noſtro habemus. Percurras ſingulos, & videas teipſum (prolixiorem ſemper admodum) ſed modo plenius, modo anguſtius pro varia ſpeculorum indole repercuſſum. Atque hinc eſt quod imaginem veſtram (tanquam Collegii Palladium) inter Archiva recondimus, ut Mater enixa ſobolem, ad picturam ſe ſiſtat, vultus comparet, ita umbra veſtra (pluſquam ſplendorem Phœbi) diſtinguat pullos. Gratulamur itaque (vel noſtro nomine) novas haſce

honorum inducias. Vivas in poſterum fortuna major: ingens veſter animus (tanquam illud æternum jecur) indignetur vulturem; quo magis conſumitur augeatur magis, & inter ipſos invidia Molares creſcat virtus.

J. Cleveland.

Another of the ſame Authour to the Biſhop of London.

THink it not ſtrange that we now triumph, awakened by his revived luſtre, whoſe ſufferings we have long reſented with a ſuitable depreſſure of ſpirit; this day it is, that we ſtart up (as it were) from the dead, and by an honourable aſſertion of liberty, look how many men we are, ſo many *Virbii* we are; for in the ſtate of our ſadneſs what was our life other than a late ſitting up at night? and to have lived in your declining Sun-ſet, what was it but to live at Natures courteſie? But now our condition is well amended, *Phoſphorus* returning, hath brought back the day, and ſo many conteſts with

with the ſtars, our Mother-Colledge hath at length found Heaven an helper. In vain the Ancients ſo often ſounded their trumpets, to profligate the Suns eclipſe; but our ſacred Mother, with the more effectuall harmony of her ſighs, hath diſpelled yours; this indeed was the ſlumber of your felicity, and was ſo far from extinguiſhing it, that it rather renewed it, and made it more flouriſhing; behold, the greater world fram'd, or rather pronounc'd, according to your exemplar, diſtinguiſht with light and darkneſs: if the Sun ſhould ſhine perpetually, he would neither have altars erected to him, nor would the Perſians keep in their ſacred fire, our dazled eyes have made a truce with your brightneſs, which, that truce being ended, returns to its former luſtre; behold here, we beſeech you, your devoted Clients, and in them obſerve the rayes that flow forth from your owne reſplendent body, for wee have nothing about us, that we can call our ſelves. View every one of us, and there you may ſee your ſelf (to a great advantage alwayes) but ſometimes more full, and ſometimes leſſe, according to the various reflection of

the object; and hence it is that we lay up your image (as the *Palladium* of our Colledge) amongſt our Archives and Monuments; as a Mother having brought forth her Infant, goes to her picture and compares the features, ſo your ſhadow (more then the Suns brightneſſe) diſtinguiſheth us *young ones*: We congratulate therefore in our own behalf, this new truce of honours. Live from hence forth greater then your fortune, and may your exalted minde (like that eternal liver) deſpiſe the eating vulture, and by how much the more it is conſumed, ſo much the more increaſe, and your virtue ſtill grow up, and proſper even among the grinding teeth of envy.

J. Cleaveland.

Ejuſdem Oratio ad Acad. Cantab. Cancellarium, & Legatum Gallicum, publicè habita.

Honoratiſſime Domine Cancellarie!
Illuſtriſſime Hoſpes!

QUam Auguſta ſit veſtra præſentia, & quam ſacro horrore noſtros præcellit animos

animos utinam Oratoris veſtri ſtupor non ita nimis teſtaretur; Quem enim alacritas officii nuper accenderat ut vos ſalutarem, impedit jam eadem Religio nè in illas importunus ruerem inquilinus aures ubi Regum Conſilia habitarunt, nec magis Alloqui quam Inturi nefas. Fulgura ſunt in Amborum oculis, quorum ſplendorem ſi quis aſpiceret Bidental fieret: ſi quis Perſarum (qui venerantur ſolem) aſpiceret, utrumque ratus ſuum Numen, divideret ſacrificium. Nos quod attinet fatemur lippitudine, Radiorum victoriam, & hoc genuinum, honoris Jubar, imbellis noſtra Acces eò magis commendat quo minus ſuſtineat. Salve igitur Celeberrime Hoſpes! cujus gratiſſimi adventus (ut Capacia eſſent noſtra pectora) magnitudo gaudii nos metipſos a Nobis excluſit foras. Ecce quot Helluones Oculi vos inſpicimus! Quot in veſtris vultibus, Quadrageſimam violavimus! ſed nos indigni tantis Dapibus; Margarita, & Regii illi Manes quos in Fundatoribus noſtris numeramus, per me (tanquam per Legatum ſuum (ut Titulo veſtro ſuperbire liceat) adventum vobis gratulamur. Nec invideas mihi (Clariſſime Advena) Legati nomen, cum Celſitudo veſtra ad Gradum meum, (quem modò ſuſcepiſti)

cepisti) dignaretur Descendere. Humilitas nostra (quod in Bilance solet) ad apicem vestram assurgebat. Scholas vidisti, & Unicum illud Sacellum: Quorum Alteri docuisti Literas, Alteri Pietatem: & quid amplius studes apud nos invisere? Eccum Academiam integram! Cancellarium Dignissimum! Qui quicquid Cantabrigia nostra in se complectitur plenius repraesentat. Theatra, & Scholarum Pyramides, Nos ludibundi Vitruvii Ludificavimus Chartis: Tu, Tu, Architectus fortunæ nostræ, cujus magnificentia vel pectoris nostri audaciam superabit. Multus sum (Honoratissime) Orator in Cancellarii debitissimis laudibus, ut scias Qualis Heros, Qualis Heros, Quantus Aliorum Patronus Honori vestro hodiè inserviat. Certè dum vos majorum gentium Nobiles simul astantes videam, nescio Quis Isthmus Galliam & Britanniam (invito Oceano) conjunxisse videatur. Quin perpetuus sit iste nodus, & ità Gordianus, ne neuter Alexander discindat Gladio. Plura vellem, & usque pergeret votorum pietas, sed Rictus (Diviti Argumento) plusquam Demosthenes Anginam patior: Quare si Aures vestras (Regibus assuetas) nimis detinendo sacrilegus fuerim; si quid deliquerim, Hæc saltem sit subita Orationis

provida

provida Temeritas, ut nè paratus ad peccandum prodiiſſe videar.

Sic Dixit

J. Cleaveland.

An Oration of the ſame Authour, publickly ſpoken before the Chancellour of Cambridge, and the French Ambaſſadour.

HOw *Auguſt* your preſence is, and with how ſacred a horrour it ſtrikes our mindes, I wiſh the amazement of your Oratour did not too apparently teſtifie, for the ſame duty which of late ſtirred me up with cheerfulneſſe to ſalute you, is now become a kinde of religion in me, leaſt I ſhould ruſh, an importunate inmate upon thoſe nice ears where the Counſels of Kings have dwelt: Nor is it leſſe a crime to look upon you then to ſpeak before you lightning appears in your eyes, upon whoſe too powerfull ſplendour whoever ſhall preſume to look, muſt become a Bidental ſacrifice; If any of the *Perſians*,

sians, who have the Sun in Veneration should chance to behold you, he would take each of you for his own deity, and so divide his sacrifice. But as to what concerns our selves we confesse by our dazled eyes the victory of your rayes, and this genuine lustre of honour our weak sight so much the more commends, by how much the lesse it is able to indure the brightnesse of it; Hail therefore thrice renowned guest, whose most gratefull arrival (that our breasts might be so much the more capacious to receive you) hath with the excesse of joy driven us out of our selves: behold how many greedy eyes glut themselves with the beholding of you, how many lents have we broken in your gladsome aspect, and yet we are unworthy of such delicates; Great *Margareta*, and the Souls of those royal persons whom we number amongst our founders, by me as their Ambassadour (a title I have cause to boast of) congratulate your coming hither, nor need you envy me, most Illustrious guest the Title of Ambassadour, since your Highnesse hath been pleased to descend to my degree, which you have so lately taken upon you, or rather our humility,

as

as in equal poize of the balances raiſed it ſelf up to your heighth. You have ſeen our Schools, and that famous Chappel, to the one of which you have taught learning, to the other piety, and what is there more among us that you can deſire to ſee, behold the whole Univerſity, behold our moſt Noble Chancelour; who, whatſoever our *Cambridge* comprehends, repreſents with high advantage; behold, our ſtructures and the Magnificence of our Schooles wherein with the ſport of Art we have put to ſhame whatſoever hath been deſcrib'd by *Vitruvius*, 'tis you, great Sir, 'tis you who are the Architect of our fortune, and whoſe magnificence will far exceed the higheſt glories we can preſume to imagin. I am the more ample; moſt honoured gueſt, in the deſerved praiſes of our Chancellour that you may be the more ſenſible, what worthy, what *Heroe*, how great a Patron of others it is, who is this day ſubſervient to your virtue and excellence; Certainly while I ſee two of the moſt Illuſtrious perſonages of two ſuch great Nations in place together, there ſeems I know not what Iſthmus, maugre the ſwelling ocean, to have joyn'd *France* &

Britain

Britain into one; and may this knot be everlasting, and so strongly *Gordian*, that no *Alexander* may be able to cut it asunder with his sword. Farther I would expatiate, and the zeal of my wishes should still go on forward, but that by the richnesse of the Argument, my mouth already suffers a squinancie greater then ever Demosthenes felt: wherefore if I have been sacrilegious in detaining overlong your ears accustomed onely to the speech of Kings, if in this I have been ought criminal, let it at least be imputed to the provident temerity of my over-hasty Oration, that I may not be thought to have come prepared to offend.

J. Cleaveland.

Ejusd.

Ejusdem Oratio in Scholis habita cùm Junior Baccalaureus in Tripodem deputaret. *Cantab.*

QVos nè videre possum citrà Oculorum Hyperbolen, quomodo vos appellarem: & cùm altissimus vester Gradus, sine scalâ occupare nequit, Quanam Orationis Climax vestram scandet Dignitatem? Vestram dum suspicio in meo vultu invenio purpuram: & ingentis curæ quæ præstandæ observantia me habet sollicitum non novi subtilius Argumentum quam stuporem. Quod autem Poetarum Princeps Deorum senatum ad suam cogit Βαλραχομυομαχίαν, *pari liceat & mihi vos invitare ad hoc Ludicrum certamen nostrum. Umbra'st hæc nostra contentio & Icon Belli. Murium, & Ranarum Pugna quid aliud fuit quàm Iliadis Brachygraphia: & in pusillis illis animalculis, Hector & Achilles (tanquam Iliades in Nuce) coarctantur. Ea siquidem est pensi nostri conditio, ut Hic etiam Mars & Venus implicati jacent. Pugna est, sed Ludicra: Lusus, & tamen Bellicus, ità ut nec his cincta placeat Philosophia, nec nuda Cithara.*

ra. Qui virili togâ indutus, nec dum reliquit Nuces, sed totus Jocos crepat. Hujus ego Palladam, Posthumam Cerebri sui prolem existimabo. Qui in hisce Floralibus solus Cato, & inter Philosophiæ spinas nullos admittis Rhetoricæ Flores, Hujus Minervæ ad Amazonis instar, altera mamma destituitur. Ille demum sit miles noster, qui & sese præstet ingenii velitem, & Philosophiæ Cataphractum; qui & viriliter audet disputare, & cum Bipede Trípede par-impar ludere. Me quod spectat: Ita Rationem ad agendum subduxi meam, ut utrunque munus melior simul, & subterfugiam. Et pudibunda, metum inter & officium, Musa, & fugit ad salices, & videri cupit.

Sic Dixit

J. Cleaveland.

An Oration of the same Authour delivered in the publick Schools: When he was Junior Batchelour, and was to dispute upon the Tripos.

YOu whom I cannot look upon without a Hyperbole of eyes, by what name, or title shall I be able to salute you? And since your high and mighty degree cannot be reach't without a Ladder, what Climax of Oration will serve to climb your dignity? while I suspect my cheeks to be hung with your skarlet, nor do I know a more subtle argument of that exceeding care which holds me sollicitous of rendring you your due respect then my silence and astonishment, but whereas the Prince of Poets brought the Senate of the gods to his battel of Frogs & Mice; by the same reason I may make bold to invite you to this sportive Combat, or contention of ours, which is a shadow, or image of war; the fight of the Mice and Frogs, what was it other then the

short-

short-hand of the Iliads, Hector & Achilles drawn *in little* in those petty animals, like the Iliads compres'd within a Nut shell, and such also is the condition of our task, that Mars and Venus may here be seen intangled together. It is a fight but sportive, a play which yet hath in it somewhat of war; so that streight-lac't Philosophy will not here be seasonable, nor the bare Harp alone; he, who clad in the Roab of manhood hath not yet left his toyes, but seems as if he were made up of jests, his Minerva I shall esteem the posthume off-spring of his own brain; the man, who appears a meer Cato in these May-games, and among the prickly Thorns of Philosophy admits no flowers of Rhetorick, his fancie like an Amazon seems bereft of one pap. Our Souldier must be such a one as can shew himself, both a light Horsman of wit, and a Cuiraſſer of Philosophy; who dares both manfully dispute, and play at even, or odd with the two legg'd *Animal*, and *the Tripos*, or *three legg'd stool*. As for me, I have so ordered my affairs, as to perform both offices together, and yet provide for an escape: Thus my Muse at a losse between duty and distrust, both fly's

fly's to the reeds, and yet desires to be seen.

J. Cleaveland.

Ejusdem Oratio Salutatoria in adventum Illustrissimi Principis Palatinati. *Cantabrig.*

Serenissime Comes Palatine:

SI Archetypam corporis vestri elegantiam possem transcribere, & Orationem meam tanquam venustatis Metaphoram, à vestro vultu deducere, ita imaginem vestram omnibus encomiis exprimerem, ut qui spectatum venias, venires spectandus, & unicum esset Joannense spectaculum ipsemet tibi ostentare. Sed quoniam ad solares hosce radios caligat penitus Athenensis noctua, gratulor mihi meam inertiam, stuporem jacti. Ita enim cum Sacratissimo Principe in Trutina quadam sum collocatus, ut in quantum deprimat me mea humilis facultas, in tantum sursum nititur vestra Sublimitas. Salve igitur (Desideratissime Princeps) hujus Collegii Anima, seu potius Omnium Animarum Collegium.

Ita

Ita tibi singuli devoti sumus, & in obsequium vestrum juncta phalange ruimus. Ecce tibi Majorum tuorum monumenta Margaretæ (quæ Semiramis invideat) cocta mœnia: Margaretæ, & Henrici septimi, & nostrum omnium matris, quæ uno partu enixa est, quot Herculem fabulantur genuisse, quinquaginta Socios. Nec tibi, stemmatiq; vestro solam Margaretam debemus, quin & paterna gloria hæres esto, Fredericum volo beatissimæ memoriæ, qui viginti ab hinc plus minus annis, unà cum Augustissimo (tunc temporis surgente Iulo) ad hanc Margaretæ sobolem, quasi compatres, & susceptores accesserunt. O quam læti meditantur istum natalem nostrum, diemque adeò Festum: ut muros hosce, sacro quodam Minio pinxisse videantur. Ecquid huic fœlicitati superesse possit, ut quod patris splendore semel tinctum, vestro olim foret Diaphanum: sequeris patrem jam passibus æquis. Euge Principem pretiosum in quo omnium legimus simulacra Autographa, Margaretæ Palladium. Frederici patris numisma aureum, & matris Corneliæ ornamentum, Elizabetha dulcissima, & in vestro cultu totam Deam confessa; cujus laudes ut hodiernum sæculum effundit, ita posteritatis eccho reparabat, cujus mascula anima jam sexu vestitur masculo Elizabetha

betha Carolo. O quam luxuriat dicendi Seges! O quam Decies repetitus placebit Carolus! Carolus, Caroli sobrinus, & Caroli avunculus. O beatissima Carolorum Climax! Macte esto gradibus Carolina scala, ut cum præ altitudine tuâ supremus Rex Carolus cœlum petat, novi subinde succrescant Caroli, quibus (quasi Intermodiis) distincta ejus æternitas usque & usque floreat, sit ipse subinde superstes Carolus non hominum (parùm Illum Nestoris) sed Carolorum tres ætates vivunt filii sobrini utriusque Caroli.

Sic dixit.

J. Cleveland.

A Salutatory Oration of the same Authour, upon the arrivall of the Most illustrious Prince Palatine.

Most Serene Prince:

IF I were able to copy out the natural handsomnesse and elegant composure of your body, and to deduce my Oration, as the Metaphore of beauty,

from your person, I should so set forth your Idea with emulous praises, that you who come to behold, should then come onely to be seen and admired, and it would be the onely designe of St. *Johns* Colledge to shew you unto your self. But since, like the Athenian Owl, I am almost blinded with those bright Sun-like rayes, I applaud my self in my own weakness, and boast my stupidity; for being placed, as it were, in the scales with you (most Sacred Prince) so much as my humble faculty depresseth me, so much your sublime Excellence is raised up and advanced: Hail therefore, most desired Prince, the soul of this Colledge, or rather the Colledge of al Souls. So devoted are every one of us unto you, that we rush in a united Brigade, into the respect and observance of you. Behold here the monuments of your Ancestours, great *Margarets* stately wals, to be envied of *Semiramis* her self: wals, I may say, of pearl, as being the structure of this famous *Margaret*, the mother both of *Henry* the seventh, and of this whole Society of us here, having at one birth brought forth as many as *Hercules* himself is fabled to have begotten at one

one time, to wit, fifty Fellows: nor do we owe unto you, and unto your noble Linage *Margaret* alone, but we alſo look upon you, as the true Heir of your Fathers glory, *Frederick* of moſt happy memory, who about twenty years ago, together with the moſt Auguſt, the riſing *Julius* of his time, came, as it were *Godfathers*, or *Undertakers* hither to this Progeny of the great *Margaret*; Oh how joyfully do we call to remembrance that birth-day of ours, a day ſo joyfull and feſtivall, that it ſeems to have left a tincture of ſacred Vermilion upon theſe wals, to this day. What more could we have deſir'd to have been added to our felicity, than that what hath once been purpled by your Fathers ſplendour, ſhould be died in grain by yours, who ſo cloſely follow the track of your Fathers noble foot-ſteps; go on, moſt highly valued Prince, in whom we plainely read, naturally and lively deſcribed by your ſelf, the reſemblances of all your Anceſtours at once, the Palladium of *Margaret*, the golden Medall of your Father *Frederick*, the ornaments of *Cornelia*-chaſte *Elizabeth* your Mother, who this day appear to us all

Goddess, in the excellence of your form and vertues; and whose praises, as the present age is fill'd with, so the eccho of Posterity will ever repeat, whose masculine soul is now invested with a masculine Sex, *Elizabeth* with the masculine *Charles*; Oh how many new occasions still croud upon my discourse, to make it swell into a vast bulk? How gratefull is the name of *Charles*, though ten times repeated? *Charles* the Cozen of *Charles*, and the Unkle of *Charles*. Oh happy Climax of *Charles's*! Let this *Caroline* scale be an increase of your Honour many degrees, that when our King *Charles*, at the very top of it, shall touch Heaven for height, there may yet spring up new *Charles's*, by which his eternity distinguisht (as it were by Internodes) may never cease to flourish, and may *Charles* himself, in the mean while survive, not three ages of men (for we regard not *Nestors* Ilium) but three lives of *Charles's*, the posterity of both Cozen-Germans, and long may they also live.

Ejus-

Ejusdem Oratio in Scholis Publicis habita cùm Patris Officio fungeretur. *Cantab.*

QUàm equivocum sit nomen Patris, quota, & quàm discolor officii ratio, si non aliundè, ab hâc variâ frequentiâ (severiores viri & lepidissima Proles) possem dignoscere: si enim ad singulæ Auditorum ingenia quilibet Orator componendus sit, ita ut cum senibus Tussiat, rideat cum Pueris, Quid ergò Hominis? Quale futurus sum Monstrum? Gravitate & nucibus Patre & Puero interpunctum. Quod in Dispartità, Aquilâque expansâ fieri videmus unum corpus duplicem ostentare faciem, eadem est nostra ergò vos & Filios Bifrons conditio. Hos cùm aspicio sum Senex Aquila, Pullos meos ad vestrum Jubar exportatura; ubi vos è contrà, nescio quo modo, & ipse in Pullum redeo, & (ad instar Aquilæ) Juventam renovo. Duæ igitur Dramatis Personæ sustinendæ sunt. Vestrâ in scenâ acturus sum Filium, in vestrâ Patrem, alterum genu flexum, alterum stabit Elephantinum. Oscillatione quod aiunt superam modò, modò infimam occupato partem, partim Puer, partim Senex, qualis Æson, ille in Aheno Medeæ semico-

micoctus. Et quæ quidem aptior via inveniri potest quam per ferulam ad fasces? per Filii scabellum, ad Culmen Patris assurgere? serviendum ut Imperes, Aulicorum methodus: A vitulo ad Bovem Milonis progressus. Vobis igitur (viri Gravissimi) primitiæ nostræ sunt consecrandæ, quos si nullo, vel (quod perinde est) translato honore persequar, non dico causam quin Filii mei improbitate erga me pari, injuriam vestram ulciscantur. Neque tamen interea noscimus quali vos compellarem nomine, Quorum Eruditio scribit Academiæ Maritos, Obsequium malit Filios. Perplexus fuit & Tortuosus ille incesti nodus, quem de Oedipo suo fabulatur Græcia; Major Mæander unusquisque vestrum, quorum cum Eruditione Academia Mater Gravida fuit, & quotannis parturiat; Quorum præceptis & exemplari virtute, quam Tenella Pubes (quasi Binis Uberibus) lactatur indies. Non Oedipus majori cum Ænigmate sceleratus, quam quilibet vestrum suis: Matris Maritus, uxoris Filius, & Fratrum Pater: Neque hic sistat Divina vestra Indoles, cujus vel pictura est satis prolifica, siquidem Alma Mater ubi concipiat vestram speciem ob oculos ponit, vestrum instar repræsentat Animos, ut masculam magis exoptatam enitatur sobolem. Illi, Illi estis, quibus si

antè

antè inventas literas contigisset vixisse, Imagines vestras ab Ægyptiis expressas, hodiè pro Artibus, & scientiis legeremus. Non ego sequax erroris Illius qui nihil egregium ducit, nisi quod vetustum: qui præsentia fastidit Tempora, & hesterno jure Panem atrum devorat. Senescat (si Dis placet) Natura; Majoribus Nostris dedit Animarum Jugera, nobis spithamas: Giganies Illi, Nos Pusiones: Degeneres Animæ, & verè Minores in hac opinione: Lucrifecit hæc ætas, non decoxit, Illi quidem literarum Atavi, sed quota est Familia? cujus Primus fuit Illud quod dicere Nolo, secundus Quod nequeo. Humilis principii nobilis progressus. Habeant quod suum est Antiqui, sed ne in solidum fiant Domini, suas sibi laudes vindicent, sed vestras vobis nè accipiant, Quorum ego meritis tantum confido, ut veterum sicut ego canitiem veneror, sic misereor impotentiam. Ructarunt illi Glandes, vestrum est Triticum. Calceati eorum dentes & victus asper; vestræ Dapes, & ingenii gulæ, quibus quod retro est sæculum stravit tantum mensas, erit a quadris ficturum. Clari Convivæ quibus obsonantur Antiqui, ministrant Posteri! sed quam effrons Ego, & Devorati pudoris, qui dum vestra melior encomia orationem meam tantæ felicitatis Commensalem reddam. Liceat tamen peccare (auditores) ut Ignoscatis: purpura elotis maculis,

iteratâ injuriâ gloriabor de culpâ à vobis remissâ, magis quam de Innocentiâ. Iulius Sabinus quum a Romæ Imperio defeciſſet, fuſis jam copiis & afflictis Rebus; in Monumentum quoddam ſe abdidiſſe dicitur, ubi cum uxore tamdiu latuerit, ut plures filios ex ea ſuſciperet: Tandem verò deprehenſus, & pro Tribunali poſitus, Filios ſuos in medium ſiſtens, ſic affatur Iudicem, Parce, Parce, Cæſar: Hos in Monumento genui, Hoſce alui, ut Tibi plures eſſemus ſupplices! veſtram fidem (Auditores) quicquamnè uſpiam dictum Rotundius! O vanas ſpes tuas Cicero: Fruſtrà ſuſceptos labores! O cogitationes inanes Tuas! Tinnis Tinnis pra Hê: Oratorum Maximo; Qui ſi cum uxore tuâ Rhetoricâ tamdiu in Muſæo cluſus eſſes, quam ille in Monumento, nunquam Orationem hujus parem genuiſſes. Gratias Tibi (Sabine) de hâc excuſatione meâ, qui cum neceſſe ſit ut delinquam, habeo tamen deprecandi Formulam: Habeo Filios Quos oſtendam, Hanc circumſtantem Rhetoricam; Magna, Magna eſt Infantum Eloquentia qui eo plus exorant quo minus loquantur. Suorum ilicet tacendi in præſens utar, neque dubito quin plus favoris demerear ſilentio quàm ulteriori tadio.

Six Dixit

J. Cleaveland.

An

An Oration spoken by the same Authour in the publike Schools, when he took upon him the office of Father.

HOw equivocall the name of Father is, what and how various the reason of the paternall office, if by no other means beside (Grave Bench of Seniority, and your more frolick Off-spring) yet from this mixt concourse of Auditours, I might be enabled to judge; for if every Orator should be driven to frame his behaviour according to the humour and capacity of all sorts of Hearers, so as to cough with old men, to laugh with boyes, what kinde of man would this dexterity require, or indeed what kind of monster must he be, interpointed with gravity and whirlegigs, with Father and Children; that which we see happens in the divided, or double-spred Eagle, where one body presents to view two faces, the same is our double-fronted condition towards you, Grave Seniours, and toward these my Sons, these

theſe, when I behold, I am the old Eagle, and going about to expoſe my young ones to the teſt of your piercing rayes; when your ſelves, on the other ſide I look upon, I alſo my ſelf, I know not how, return into a Chicken, and, like a true Eagle, renew my youth. In this Comedy therefore, I am to take upon me two perſons, in your Scene I muſt act the Son, in yours the Father; the one with a bended knee, the other ſtiff as an Elephant: I fancie my ſelf at the tottering game cal'd Oſcillation, where ſometimes I poſſeſſe the upper part, ſometimes the lower; partly a childe, partly an old man, like that famous *Æſon* of old, half boil'd in the cauldron of *Medea*; and what fitter way can there be found out, than by the rod of correction, to arrive at the ſtaff of authority; by the low ſettle of a Son, to come to the reverend chair of a Father. We muſt ſerve, that we may obey; it is the rule of Courtiers: and, according to *Milo*'s practice, the way to come up to an Oxe, is to begin at a Calf. To you therefore, moſt Reverend Sages, our firſt fruits are to be conſecrated: but in caſe I ſhall be thought to accoſt you with none, or,

which

which is as bad, with borrowed honor: I ſee no reaſon, but my Sons may, with the like diſobedience toward me, revenge your injury; nor do I yet know in the mean time, by what title to ſalute you, whoſe learning may ſtile you the Husbands of the Univerſity, whoſe obedience may rather make you paſs for her Sons. Intricate and perplext was that inceſtuous riddle, which Greece reports of her ſon *Oedipus*; but every one of you are a more involved *Meander*; with your learning, our Mother-Univerſity impregnated, brings forth every year, by your precepts and exemplary vertue, as it were by two teats, the tender babes are ſuckled every day; ſo that *Oedipus* himſelf was never branded with a more myſterious inceſt, than each of you are guilty of, being the Husband of your Mother, the Son of your Wife, and the Father of your brethren, nor do your Divine fancies reſt here, your very Pourtraitures being apt enough for generation, for as our ſacred Mother when ſhe conceives, puts ſome of your Idea's before her eyes, and hath a repreſentation of Souls like unto you, that ſhe may bring forth a Maſculine and perfect off-ſpring, ſuch

an

and ſo Authentick you are, that if you had chanc't to live before Letters were invented, your pictures expreſs't as Hieroglyphicks by the Egyptians might have been read at this day inſtead of Arts and Sciences, I am not addicted to that vulgar errour, of thoſe that eſteem nothing of any moment unleſſe what is ancient, ſuch loath the preſent time, and in favour of yeſterday feed upon courſe bread; Nature ſoothſooth muſt grow old, to our anceſtors ſhe gave acres of Soul, to us but ſpans, they were Gyants, we but Dwarfs; how degenerous, and truely little Souls have they that perſiſt in this opinion; the later ages have gain'd, and not become bankrupt, thoſe indeed were the great Grand-fathers of Letters, but how many families are there, the firſt of which were, I will not tell what, the ſecond I cannot tell what; a mean beginning hath oftentimes a fair and happy progreſſe; let the Ancients have attributed to them what is their due, but let them not be altogether Deified, they may challenge to themſelves their deſerved praiſes, but muſt not defraud you of yours; ſo much reſpect I bear to the Ancients, that I both reverence their gray hairs, and pi-

ty

by their decayes; they belch forth Acorns, but to you belongs the Wheat, their teeth were Hobnail'd, and their fare courſe, but to you belong the delicates, and the luxury of wit, to you the paſt ages, cover the Table, and the future times attend with Trenchers, happy gueſts as you are, whom Antiquity feaſts, and poſterity waites upon at Table: but how frontleſſe am I, and as it were eaten out of ſhame, who while I attempt your Praiſes make my own Oration a fellow-commoner of ſo much felicity, yet perhaps it may be allowable to let ſlip ſome offences, that you (gentle Auditours) may have what to pardon; the ſpots being once waſht away out of my skarlet, and the Grain renwed, I ſhall glory more in that fault which you ſhall think worthy to be remitted, then in having been altogether innocent. *Julius Sabinus* having revolted from the *Roman* Empire, when he had been overthrown in battel, and reduc't to the utmoſt extremity he is ſaid to have ſhut himſelf up in an old Mounment, where together with his wife he lay hid for divers years, and during that time had begotten a great company of Children; but at laſt being diſcovered

and

and brought before the judgement seat he plac't his Sons before him, and addressing himself to the Soveraigne Judge, Spare me, said he, spare me great *Cæsar*, these Sons have I begot in the Monument, and I have brought them up carefully, to the end that we might come the greater number of suppliants before you; to you (curteous Auditours) I appeal, what could there have been said more effectual then this; Vain were thy hopes, O *Cicero*; In vain thy great pains bestowed, nor were thy soaring phansies any thing but flashes, thou wert but low, and flat in respect of this most excellent of Oratours; nor, hadst thou been shut up in thy *Musæum* with Rhetorick thy wife, couldst thou ever have begot Orations like to his. I render thee thanks, O *Sabinus*, for this my excuse, who since I could not but prove peccant, have yet by this means met with so handsome a president of begging favour. I have also my Sons to shew, this croud of Rhetorick that stands about me; Great, Great is the eloquence of Children, who so much the more prevail, by how much the lesse they speak: their example therefore for the present I shall follow, and doubt not

but

but I ſhall better deſerve by being ſilent, then by the tediouſneſſe of my proceeding forward.

J. Cleaveland.

FINIS.

COurteous Reader, by reaſon of my ſo farre diſtance of place, ſome few Errata's (too uſuall in printing) have eſcap't in the Latin Copies, the Judicious that rightly knew our learned Authour, will not impute ſuch common Errours, incident to the Preſſe, to him, and therefore I have not thought them worthy of taking notice of. There are ſome other faults in the Engliſh, *p.* 12. *r. for* little Gentle-woman, little Gentle-man. Other miſtakes correct with thy more favourable judgement. Farewell

E. W.

Courteous Reader,

These Books following are sold by Nath. Brook, *at the Angel in* Cornhill.

Admirable, and Learned Treatises of Occult-Sciences in Philosophy, Magick, &c.

THe admired Piece of Physiognomy, & Chyromancy, Metoposcopy, the Symmetrical Proportions, & Signal Moles of the body, the Interpretation of Dreams; to which is added the Art of Memory, illustrated with Figures: by *Rich. Sanders*, in *Folio*.

2. The no lesse exquisite than admirable work, *Theatrum Chemicum, Britannicum*; containing several Poetical Pieces of our famous *English* Philosophers, who have written the Hermitique Mysteries in their own Language; faithfully collected into one Volume, with Annotations thereon: by the Indefagitable industry of *Elias Ashmole*, Esq; illustrated with Figures.

Excellent Treatises in the Mathematicks, Geometry, of Arithmetick, Surveying, and other Arts, or Mechanicks.

3. The Golden Treatise of Arithmetick, Natural and Artificial, or Decimals; the Theory and practice united in a simpathetical proportion, betwixt Lines and Numbers, in their Quantities and Qualities, as in respect of Form, Figure, Magnitude, and affection; demonstrated by Geometry, illustrated by Calculations, and confirmed with variety of Examples in every Species; made compendious and easie for Merchants, Citizens, Sea-men, Accomptants, &c. by *Tho. Wilsfold*, Corrector of the last Edition of *Record*, and many more.

Excellent and approved Treatises in Physick, Chirurgery, &c.

4. *Culpepper's Semiotica Uranica*, his Astrological judgement of Diseases from the decumbiture of the sick, much enlarged: the way and manner of finding out the cause, change, and end of the Disease; also whether the sick be likely

likely to live, or die, and the time when Recovery, or Death is to be expected, according to the judgement of *Hippocrates* and *Hermes Trismegistus*; o which is added Mr. *Culpeppers* censure of Urines, with divers others.

Admirable Usefull Treatises newly Printed.

5. The expert Doctors Dispensatory: the whole Art of Physick restored to practice: the Apothecaries shop, and Chirurgeons Closet opened; with a Survey, as also a correction of most Dispensatories now extant; with a Judicious Censure of their defects; and a supply of what they are deficient in: together with a learned account of the vertues and quantities, and ules of Simples, and Compounds; with the Symptomes of Diseases; as also prescriptions for their several cures: by that renowned P. *Morellus*, Physician to the King of *France*; a Work for the order, usefulnesse, and plainnesse of the Method, not to be parallel'd by any Dispensatory, in what Language soever.

6. Natures Secrets; or the admirable and wonderfull History of the ge-

neration of Meteors; describing the temperatures of the Elements, the heights, magnitudes, and influences of Starres; the causes of Comets, Earthquakes, Deluges, Epidemical Diseases, and Prodigies of Precedent times; with Presages of the weather: & Descriptions of the weather-glasse: by *T. Wilsford.*

7. The Mysteries of Love and Eloquence; or the Arts of Wooing and Complementing; as they are managed in the *Spring Garden*, *Hide Parke*, the *New Exchange*, and other eminent places. A work, in which are drawn to the life the Deportments of the most Accomplish'd Persons; the Mode of their Courtly Entertainment, Treatment of their Ladies at Balls, [illegible] accustomed Sports, Drolls, and Fancies; the Witchcrafts of their perswasive language, in their Approaches, or other more Secret Dispatches, *&c.* by *E. P.*

8. *Helmont* disguised; or the vulgar errours of empirical and unskilfull Practicers of Physick confuted; more especially as they concern the Cures of Feavers, the Stone, the Plague, and some other Diseases by way of Dialogue, in which the chief rareties of Physick are admirably discoursed of, by *I. T.*

Books

Books very lately Printed, and in the Presse now Printing.

THe exquisite Letters of Mr. *Robert Loveday*, the late admired Translater of the Volumes of the famed Romance *Cleopatra*, for the perpetuating his Memory, Published by his dear Brother Mr. *A. L.*

☞ 2. The so long expected Work, the *New World* of *English Words*, or a General *Dictionary*, containing the Terms, Etymologies, Definitions, and perfect Interpretations of the proper significations of hard *English* words, throughout the Arts and Sciences, Liberal; or Mechanick; as also other subjects that are usefull, or appertain to the Language of our Nation; to which is added the signification of Proper Names, Mythology, and Poetical Fictions, Historial Relations, Geographical Descriptions of the Countreys and Cities of the World; especially of these three Nations, wherein their chiefest Antiquities, Battles, and other most memorable Passages are mentioned: A Work very necessary for Strangers, as well as our own Countrey-men, for all

persons that would rightly understand what they discourse, write, or read. Collected and published by *E. P.* For the greater honour of those learned Gentlemen and Artists that have been assistant in the most Practical Sciences, their Names are prefixed before the Book.

3. The way to bliſſe, in three Books, being a learned Treatiſe of the Philophers Stone, made publick by *Elias Aſhmole*, Elquire.

4. Wit reſtored in ſeveral Select Poems, not formerly publiſht by Sir *John Mennis*, Mr. *Smith*, and others. An excellent Droll.

5. The Modern Aſſurancer, or the Clerks Directory, containing the Practick part of the law, in the exact Forms and draughts of all manner of Preſidents for Bargains, and Sales, Grants, Feoffements, Bonds, Bills, Conditions, Covenants, Jointures, Indentures; to lead the uſe of Fines and Recoveries, with good Proviſo's, & Covenants to ſtand ſeized, Charter parties for Ships, Leaſes, Releaſes, Surrenders, *&c.* And all other Inſtruments and Aſſurances now in uſe, intended for all young Students and Practicers of the Law, by *John Hern*, of Inner Temple.

Like-

Likewise,

6. *Exercitatio Elleiptica Nova*, or a new Mathematical Contemplation on the Oval Figure, called an Eleipsis; together with the two first Books of *Mydorgius* his Conicks Analiz'd, and made so plain, that the Doctrine of the Conical Sections may be easily understood: a Work much desired, and never before publisht in the English tongue; by *Jonas Moor*, Surveyor General of the great Level of the *Fennes*.

7. Naps upon Parnassus. A sleepy Muse nipt and pincht, though not awakened. Such voluntary and Jovial Copies of Verses as were lately received from some of the WITS of the Universities, in a Frolick; Dedicated to *Gondibert*'s Mistresse, by Captain *Jones* and others. Whereunto is added for Demonstration of the Authors prolaick Excellencies, his Epistle to one of the Universities, with the answer; together with two Satyrical Characters of his own, of a Temporizer, and an Antiquary, with Marginal Notes by a friend to the Reader.

8. The Compleat Midwife's Practice, in high and weighty Concernments of Mankind: the second Edition corrected, with a full supply of such most usefull and admirable Secrets, which Mr. *Nicholas Culpeper* in his brief Treatise, and other English Writers in the Art of Midwifry, have hitherto wilfully passed by, kept close to themselves, or wholly omitted: by *T. Chamberlain*, M. P.

9. A Manual, or Miscelany of Meditations, Apophthegms Sentences, Precepts, Observations, Characters and Essayes, by *R. R.*

10. *America* Painted to the Life, the History of the Conquest, and first Original undertakings of the advancement of the Plantations in those parts; with an exquisite Map, by *F. Gorges*, Esquire.

11. The School of Physick, or the General Experimental Practice of the whole Art, so reduced, either into Aphorismes, or choice and tried Receipts, that the free-born Students of the three Kingdoms, may in this Method finde perfect wayes for the operation of such Medicines, so Astrologically and Physically prescribed, as that they may themselves be competent Judges of the cures of their Patients, by *Nicholas Culpeper*. To this exquisite Work, the Narrative of the Authors Life is prefixed; together with his Nativity, calculated by himself: Pupliſht with the acknowledgement and approbation of his Late Wife, Mistresse *Alice Culpeper*, the last he ever wrote.

12. The Ascents of *Moses* in Parallels with his late Serene Highnesse *Oliver* Lord Protector now in the Presse.

13. *J. Cleaveland* Revived: *Poems, Orations, Epistles*, and other of his Genuine Incomparable Pieces, never before publisht. With some other Exquisite Remains of the most eminent Wits of both the Universities, that were his Contemporaries. *FINIS.*